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W. L. L. L.

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May, 1918.

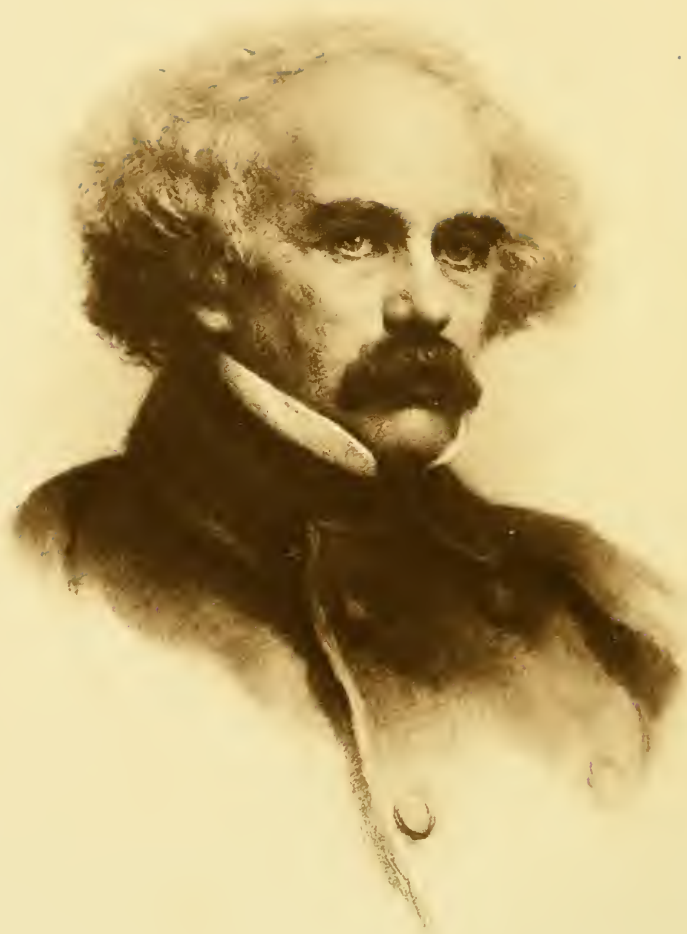


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THE
PROCEEDINGS

IN COMMEMORATION OF
THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE BIRTH OF

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

HELD AT
SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

JUNE 23, 1904



✓ SALEM, MASS.
THE ESSEX INSTITUTE

1904

M. S. Child



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CONTENTS

Proceedings at the Hawthorne Centenary . . .	1
Opening Remarks by Robert S. Rantoul . . .	3
Introductory Remarks by Joseph N. Peterson . . .	7
Address by Samuel M. Crothers, D. D. . . .	9
Address by Joseph W. Symonds, LL. D. . . .	23
Address by Edward W. Emerson, M. D. . . .	31
Letter from Joseph Hodges Choate . . .	39
Letter from James Bryce . . .	46
Letter from Mrs. Humphrey Ward . . .	49
Letter from Henry James . . .	55
An Appreciation of Hawthorne by Andrew Lang . .	63
An Estimate of Hawthorne by Dr. Anton E. Schönbach	66
Letter from J. M. Barrie . . .	68
Letter from Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford . .	68
Letter from Donald Grant Mitchell . . .	70
Letter from Edmund C. Stedman . . .	71
Letter from William Roscoe Thayer . . .	74
Letter from Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward . .	76
Account of the Reunion of the Descendants of Major William, and John Hathorne . . .	77
The Hathorne Family in England, by Henry F. Waters	81
List of Souvenirs of Nathaniel Hawthorne	
Portraits and Photographs . . .	93
Autograph Letters and Manuscripts . . .	99
First Editions of Hawthorne's Writings . . .	111
Hawthorne Relics . . .	113

ILLUSTRATIONS

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. From the crayon portrait made by Samuel W. Rowse in 1866	<i>Frontispiece</i>
BIRTHPLACE of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Etching by George M. White	<i>Title-page</i>
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. From the portrait painted by Charles Osgood in 1840	1
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. From the crayon portrait made by Eastman Johnson in 1846	9
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. From a photograph of a daguerreotype made about 1848	13
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. From the portrait painted by Cephas G. Thompson in 1850	17
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. From the portrait by George P. A. Healey, painted for Franklin Pierce in 1852	23
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. From a photograph of the marble bust by Louise Lander, made at Rome in February, 1858	31
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. From a copy of a photograph by Mayall, taken May 19, 1860, in London, England. The so-called "Motley photograph"	35
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. From a photograph by Mayall, taken May 19, 1860, in London, England. The so- called "Holden photograph"	39
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. From a copy of a photograph by Mayall, taken May 19, 1860, in London, England. The so-called "Bennock photograph"	41
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. From a photograph by Black & Case, Boston	49
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. From a photograph by Black and Case, Boston	55

JAMES T. FIELDS, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND W. D. TICKNOR. From a photograph by Black & Case, Boston	57
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. From the photograph by Brady, taken at Washington, D. C. about 1862-3	63
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. From the photograph by Brady, taken at Washington, D. C. about 1862-3	65
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. From the photograph by Brady, taken at Washington, D. C. about 1862-3	69
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. From the portrait painted by Emanuel Leutze in April, 1862	71
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. From a photograph taken in Boston about 1862	77
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. From the portrait by H. Frances Osborne, painted for the Essex Institute in 1893, after a photograph taken about 1863, by Silsbee, Case & Co., Boston	81
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. From a photograph taken about 1863, by Silsbee, Case & Co., Boston	85
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. From a copy by A. C. Mackintire of Salem, made about 1891, of a photograph probably taken in Boston about 1862-3	89
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. From a photograph taken at Warren's Studio, Boston, about 1862-3	93

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

*From the portrait painted by Charles Osgood in 1840, now in possession of
Mrs. Richard C. Manning, Salem, Mass.*

THE PROCEEDINGS
ON THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE BIRTH OF
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

The Annual Address of the President of the Essex Institute, for May, 1903, called attention to the approach of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of Hawthorne, and suggested that it might be well for a special committee of that body to consider the question whether or not it would meet the views of those likely to be interested in the event if the Institute should take the initiative in exercises commemorating it. Should it be found that no other organization claimed precedence in the matter,—that a general desire existed that some notice should be taken of the day, and that the City Authorities of Salem and others entitled to consideration were cordially inclined to entrust the arrangements to the Essex Institute, it would then be necessary to decide, upon thorough acquaintance with all the possibilities, whether it was best for the Institute to assume the burden. The matter was placed in the hands of a special committee consisting of Robert S. Rantoul, Francis H. Appleton, William O. Chapman, Henry M. Batchelder and Henry C. Leach.

The Fourth of July, the actual day of Hawthorne's birth, was found to be a day so ill-fitted for literary exer-

cises in Salem as to be practically out of the question. With a view to greater freedom in consulting the convenience of speakers, the first thought of approximating as closely as possible to the actual date of birth was abandoned. There was found to be a general desire that the exercises should be absolutely simple and that they should be designed on such a scale as to invite the presence of the large class of persons to whom so interesting an occasion would be likely to appeal.

The first person thought of for the orator of the day was naturally His Excellency, Ambassador Joseph Hodges Choate, an honored son of Salem. It was found that there was no possibility of his being able to be present and Samuel McChord Crothers, D. D., pastor of the First Parish in Cambridge, was invited. He acceded to the wishes of the Institute and delivered the address forming the leading feature of this report. It only remains to say that the exercises were held on the afternoon of June twenty-third, 1904, in the Cadet Armory at Salem,—that the audience was large, appreciative and closely attentive throughout,—that simple decorations of hawthorn, of laurel, and of Federal flags draping a life-size portrait of Hawthorne which had just been finished in oils by Caliga, relieved, to some extent, the grim severity of the walls, and that Miss Hildegard Hawthorne, herself a writer and the daughter of a writer, representing the third generation of the most distinguished family in American letters, graced the occasion with her presence. Miss Hawthorne had never been in Salem.

The President of the Institute called the meeting to order at three o'clock, the stage being occupied by special guests of the occasion.

OPENING REMARKS

BY ROBERT S. RANTOUL

PRESIDENT OF THE ESSEX INSTITUTE

I have been asked to call this gathering to order. This I do with the greatest pleasure. Hawthorne was more thoroughly identified with Salem than with any other place. His genius savours of our ancient soil. Pure Salem blood coursed through his veins. I doubt if any other place could have produced just such a personality. More of his sixty years of life were passed here than in any other place,—more than in all other places. Salem may be regarded as his workshop, and it was here that he found and treasured up the material from which he wrought his marvelously constructed and elaborated wares. He frequented, during the formative period of his life, the old streets,—the old wharves,—the old gardens,—the old libraries,—the old residences of Salem. He frequented the old Registries of Deeds and of Wills, and the old Cemeteries, and their Records took him back to the time of the settlement. His childish fancy fed on the traditions of Salem, a quaint old seaport, whose world-wide commerce kept us, at that time, in touch with the older civilizations, and brought us on neighborly terms with every distant corner of the earth. Our libraries,—our schools,—our eminent position in science and in letters,—gave the rare boy the mental atmosphere his genius craved. What other place of thirteen thousand souls could have

OPENING REMARKS

afforded Hawthorne the tonic stimulant of minds like Holyoke,—Bowditch,—Story,—Prescott,—Pickering,—King,—Pierce,—Worcester ! Probably no equal population in the world, maintaining its town autonomy and trusting to its own activities and resources, its own initiative, could have served him better. We were supporting one of the earliest and by far the most noteworthy of the local Lyceums. Judge White was its Founder, and when Hawthorne became its Secretary it was offering to Emerson his most favored platform. There was established at Salem, before Hawthorne left College, an incorporated County Historical Society, which has ripened into the Essex Institute, and of its galleries and archives he became a frequenter, as "The American Note-Books" abundantly attest.

Time would fail me to show in detail in what musty records,—on what mouldering grave-stones,—under the heavy-timbered roof-trees of what colonial homesteads he found the vitalizing inspiration for his strange conceits,—quaint names and outlines for the creatures of his teeming brain. For names he adopted, without scruple, those he found about him. Hollingworth, as he told Whipple, was the name first chosen for the Blithedale Romance, and Hollingworth was the name of an ancestor and land-holder from whom the Hathorne Farm on Salem Neck descended. Thomas Maule was the name of a disputatious and intolerant Quaker writer and magnate of Salem. We show you the grave of Surveyor Pue. Swinnerton was a name he found not only cut on a grave-stone at "Burying Point" but also signed as witness to the deed of a Hathorne estate. Jervase Helwyse was a grandchild of Major William Hathorne. So of Vennor, Holgrave, Pyncheon and others. He seemed to take no thought for names, but

used them as he found them ready to his hand. Any name seemed to answer his purpose, so it had the true archaic flavor, suited to the atmosphere of the period he was striving to reproduce. If Dickens evolved names "out of his own consciousness," compounded in the hope of making them an index of the characters he was portraying—if Scott chose names for their local flavor, so that they seemed almost part and parcel of the scenes he was depicting,—no such principle of nomenclature is discernable in Hawthorne. But rather he seems to have saved himself all trouble on this score by accepting such actual names as his family tree and his Salem boyhood furnished.

From Salem came to him the unconscious influence which every sensitive, impressionable boy drinks in from his surroundings. With every varying aspect of our seaboard landscape his solitary rambles made him well acquainted, as with every picturesque phase of human life cropping out about him in the microcosm of this rarely developed little Salem world. Would he lose himself in the reverie of a day's seclusion on the water? It is Salem harbor and the headlands and islands of Salem harbor that make a background for his musings! Did he crave the realistic quality of those romantic sea-tales to be had for the asking from the ancient vikings of a busy port? It was to the Toll House on Essex Bridge that twilight lured him forth,—more like the owl every year, as he wrote to Longfellow, and rarely venturing abroad until after dusk,—and there he sits aloof and silent, amidst the group of skippers gathered about the stove, companions in peril of the father he had never known, and greedily absorbs the epic recital of their actual achievement in return for which the dreamy tenor of his life afforded him no experiences to relate. Would he hold communion

OPENING REMARKS

with the child-element in life, out of which was unconsciously shaping itself in his fancy the elfin-figure of little Pearl? He sought out, for as yet he had no children, his little cousin Forrester,* and led her by the hand from street to street through ancient precincts of the town, descanting as they went on the scenes those beetling-gabled domiciles had witnessed, and drinking in with breathless zest the comments of his youthful charge. Or he stole away, from the mansion-house just across the street, with his little cousin Barstow,† and led her a rout among the circus wagons and the show-day tumult, until the bell of of the Town Crier, proclaiming "a child lost," broke in upon their dreams, and the rescued child, as though delivered from a spell, awoke the heroine of "Little Annie's Ramble."

But Salem has better cause than any accident of residence or birth to lay her tribute at the feet of Hawthorne. She recalls with pride to-day that here, within a few rods of where we sit, was evolved the master-work that placed him in his niche among the World's creators of immortal fiction. Salem has bright pages in the story of her past and hopes for brighter pages yet to come. But until she shall have laid the world under a heavier debt than she has done in giving it the "Scarlet Letter," Salem will still be acclaimed by her sons, and she will still be honored by English readers everywhere as the Home of Hawthorne.

I take pleasure in presenting to you, as the presiding officer of the day, His Honor, the Mayor of Salem.

*Annie M. Forrester, a daughter of John, who was the son of Simon Forrester and of his wife, Rachel (Hathorne), a sister of Hawthorne's father, Miss Forrester died in 1887. Her mother was Charlotte, a sister of Judge Joseph Story. Her name may have suggested the title for "Little Annie's Ramble."

†Eleanor Forrester (Barstow) Condit was a daughter of Dr. Gideon Barstow, M. C., and of his wife, Nancy (Forrester) Barstow, whose father and mother were Simon and Rachel (Hathorne) Forrester. Dr. Barstow's residence was the brick house opposite Plummer Hall, now numbered 131 Essex Street, Salem. Mrs. Condit died in 1886.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

BY JOSEPH N. PETERSON

MAYOR OF SALEM

It is a pleasure and an honor to represent the City of Salem on an occasion like this ; and to preside over such a gathering as we see assembled here to-day. This is a unique event. We meet to honor the memory of him who has, for almost half a century, been acknowledged by the world to be the foremost man of letters that America has produced. We in Salem of the present generation take special pride in the event. Whether Nathaniel Hawthorne was always honored and appreciated in Salem by the people of his time, it is certain that the Salem of to-day holds him in high esteem, and appreciates fully the great name he won in the field of letters.

We also realize that Hawthorne added to the fame of the city in which he was born and in which he lived for half his sixty years.

Pardon me, if, on this occasion, without for a moment yielding in acknowledgement of the greatness of Hawthorne, I recall some of the other notable men who were natives of Salem. Hawthorne was the most celebrated of them all ; and so wide is his fame that the fact is sometimes overlooked that Salem has given to the world other worthy men, such as her early statesman, Timothy Pickering, the friend of Washington ; William Wetmore Story,

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

man of letters, and artist of international fame; Prescott, whose name as a historian is the equal of Hawthorne's as a writer of romance; Bowditch, the great mathematician and navigator. Judge Story was "one of us" for many years; so we feel that he belongs to us, as well as our distinguished citizen, native born, Joseph H. Choate,—that we are entitled to partake of the glory which comes to them. We have men and women of literary attainments in Salem to-day. We have artists and musicians of whom we are proud; and I doubt not that in the earlier days, when great men were not as plenty as they are to-day, some citizens of the Salem of to-day would be more distinguished.

The City of Salem, in its official capacity, is glad to unite with the Essex Institute in commemorating to-day the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Nathaniel Hawthorne. The Essex Institute has done me the honor to invite me to preside over the exercises of this day; but I feel I should trespass on the time allotted to the distinguished men who have been invited to address us this afternoon, should I enter on any extended remarks.

Our thanks are certainly due to those who have consented to speak to-day of this distinguished son of Salem; and I am quite sure that we shall listen to them with pleasure and profit.

The Essex Institute, in seeking for some one to address us on the literary work of Nathaniel Hawthorne, has been very fortunate in its selection of a student and lover of Hawthorne to speak to us on this occasion. It gives me great satisfaction to introduce to you Dr. Samuel M. Crothers, the pastor of the First Church in Cambridge.

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

From the crayon portrait made by Eastman Johnson in 1846, now in
possession of Miss Alice M. Longfellow,
Cambridge, Mass.

ADDRESS

BY SAMUEL M. CROTHERS, D. D.

OF CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

“I sat down by the wayside of life like a man under enchantment.” So Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote of his own visionary youth, and, truth to tell, the spell lasted through life.

The wayside itself was not conducive to dreams. It was a busy thoroughfare. Eager traffickers jostled one another and there was much crying up of new wares. Many important personages went noisily along. There was a fresh interest in all sort of good works and many improvements on the roadway. There were not many Priests or Levites passing by on the other side, for ecclesiasticism was not in fashion, but there were multitudes of good Samaritans each one intent on his own brand new device for universal helpfulness. There were so many of them that the poor man who fell among philanthropists often sighed for the tender mercies of the thieves—the thieves, at least, when they had done their work would let him alone. From time to time there would come groups of eager Reformers, advance agents of the millennium. At last there came down the road troops hurrying to the front and there was the distant sound of battle. ✓

It was a stirring time, the noon of the nineteenth century; and the stir was nowhere more felt than in New

ADDRESS

England. It was a ferment of speculation, a whirl of passion, a time of great aspiration and of no mean achievement.

But, if you would get a sense of all this, do not turn to the pages of Nathaniel Hawthorne. The ardor of Transcendentalism, the new spirit of reform, the war between the States, these were noted but they made no very vivid impression on the man who sat under enchantment. There was an interval between these happenings and his consciousness, that made them seem scarcely contemporaneous.

It is a fashion in literary criticism to explain an author by his environment. With Hawthorne this method is not successful. It is not that his environment was not interesting in itself. His genius was essentially aloof. It was a plant that drew its nourishment from the air rather than from the soil. There are some men who have the happy faculty of making themselves at home wherever they happen to be. Hawthorne, wherever he had been born, would have looked upon the scene with something of a stranger's eye. Indeed, when we think about it, the wonder is that most of us are able to take the world in such a matter of fact way. One would suppose that we had always been here, instead of being transient guests who can not even engage our rooms a day in advance.

It is perhaps a happy limitation which makes us to forget our slight tenure, and to feel an absolute ownership in the present moment. We are satisfied with the passing experience because it appears to us as permanent.

To the man who sat by the wayside the present moment did not stand in the sunshine sufficient unto itself. It did not appear, as it did to the man of affairs, an ultimate and satisfying reality. He was not unobservant. He saw the

persons passing by. But each one, in the present moment, seemed but a fugitive escaping from the past into the future,—futile flight! unavailing freedom! for in the Future the Past stands waiting for it. As he looked at each successive action it was as one who watches the moving shadow of an old deed, which now for some creature has become doom.

Did I say that Hawthorne was little influenced by his environment? It would be truer to say that the environment to which he responded was that to which most men are so strangely oblivious. He felt what another Salem mystic has expressed :

“Around us ever lies the enchanted land
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.”

The true-born Yankee has always persisted, in spite of the purists, in using “I guess” as equivalent to “I think.” To his shrewd good-humored curiosity, all thinking resolves itself into a kind of guess work; and one man has as good a right to his guess as another.

It is a far cry from the talk of the village store to Emerson and Hawthorne, but to these New Englanders thinking was still a kind of guessing. The observer looks at the outward show of things, which has such an air of finality, and says—“I guess there’s something behind all this. I guess it’s worth while to look into it.”

Such a mind is not deterred by the warnings of formal logic that there is “no thoroughfare.” When it leaves the public road and sees the sign—“Private way, dangerous passing” it says, “That looks interesting. I guess I’ll take that.”

And from our streets and shops and newspapers, from our laboratories and lecture rooms and bureaus of statistics, it is, after all, such a little way to the border-land of

ADDRESS

mystery, where all minds are on an equality and where the wisest can but dimly guess the riddles that are propounded.

“The fate of the man child,
The meaning of man.
Known friend of the unknown
Dædalian plan,
Out of sleeping a waking
Out of waking a sleep,
Life death overtaking,
Deep underneath deep.”

Hawthorne belonged to no school or party. To the men of his generation he was like the minister of whom he writes who preached with a veil over his face.

Nor is his relation in thought to his ancestry more intimate than that to his contemporaries. Born to the family of New England Puritanism, we think we recognize the family likeness—and yet we are not quite sure. There are traits that suggest a spiritual changling.

When we enter into the realm of Hawthorne's imagination we are conscious that

“Something sombre and severe
O'er the enchanted landscape reigns.”

Is not this a survival of the puritanic spirit, with its brooding mysticism, its retributive predestination, its sense of the judgment to come? It was said of Carlyle that he was a Calvinist who had lost his creed—may not the same be said of Hawthorne? The old New England theology had in him become attenuated to a mere film, but through it all we see the old New England Conscience.

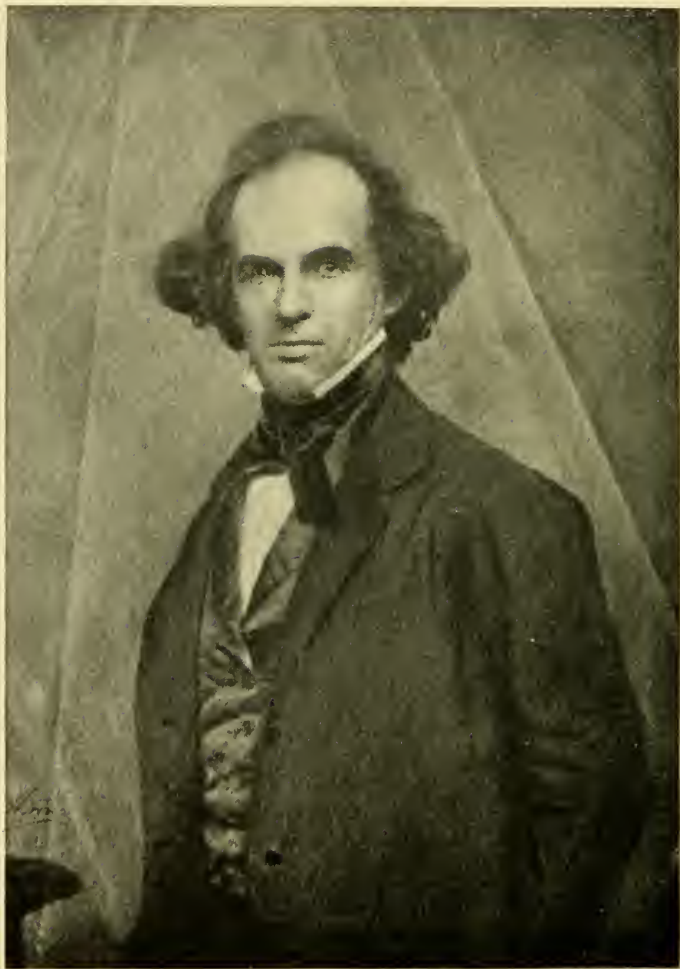
Doubtless there is much of this transmitted influence. Hawthorne himself insisted upon it. Speaking of “the

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

From the photograph of a daguerrotype, made about 1848, formerly in possession
of Dr. J. B. Holder, New York City.

stern and black-browed Puritan ancestors" he said "let them scorn me as they will, strong traits of their nature have intertwined themselves with mine."

But it is possible to exaggerate such likenesses. In Hawthorne's case there is danger of argument in a circle. There is something in Hawthorne's imagination, in its sombre mysticism, in its brooding sense of destiny, which is like that of the spirit of the inhabitants of Salem and Boston in the old days when they walked through the narrow streets and through the shadowy woodland ways pondering the fatal sequences of life.

But how do we see these old Puritans? We see them through Hawthorne's eyes. His imagination peoples for us the old houses. Was Hawthorne's genius tinged with Puritanism, or are our conceptions of the Puritan character largely Hawthornesque? It is not necessary to argue this matter; it might be better to answer "yes" to both questions.

It is the privilege of creative genius to imprint his own features upon his forbears. It is difficult here to determine which is cause and which is effect. How marvelously Rembrandt gets the spirit of the Dutch Burgomeisters! It was fortunate for him that he had such subjects—stalwart men with faces that caught the light so marvellously. Yes, but had it not been for Rembrandt, who would have told us that these Dutch gentlemen were so picturesque.

The subject of a good artist is accurately figured; the subject of a great artist is transfigured. We cannot separate the historic reality from the transfiguring light. ✓

But however Hawthorne may have been influenced by his Puritan inheritance it would be hard to find one whose habitual point of view was further removed from

ADDRESS

what we are accustomed to call the "New England Conscience." It is the characteristic of that type of conscience that it has an ever-present and sometimes oppressive sense of personal responsibility. It is militant and practical rather than mystical. To it evil is not something to be endured but something to be resisted. If there is a wrong it must be righted, and with as little delay as possible.

The highest praise a Puritan could give his pastor was that he was "a painful preacher." Jonathan Mitchell writing of the beginnings of the church in Cambridge, says that the people of Cambridge "were a gracious, savory-spirited people, principled by Mr. Shepard, liking an humbling, heart-breaking ministry and spirit."

The Puritan theology was based on Predestination, but the Puritan temper was not fatalistic. When that latter day Puritan, Lyman Beecher, was expounding the doctrines of the Divine Decree, one of his sons asked him,— "Father; what if we are decreed to be lost?" The answer was "Fight the decrees, my boy!"

The Calvinistic spirit was exactly opposite to the fatalistic acquiescence which shifts the responsibility from the creature to the Creator. To be sure the fall of man took place a long time ago, but we cannot say that it was none of our business. It was not an hereditary misfortune to be borne with fortitude; it was to be assumed as our personal guilt. "Original sin" means real sin. Adam sinned as the typical and representative man, and every man became a sinner. No individual could plead an *alibi*. The "conviction of sin" was not the acquiescence in a penalty, it was the heartbreaking consciousness of the "exceeding sinfulness of sin."

"In Adam's fall *we* sinned all." When they said that,

they were thinking not of Adam but of themselves. *They* did it; it was the guilt that was imputed to them.

How sensitive consciences tortured themselves in the attempt fully to realize their guilt one may learn by reading such intimate revelations as are to be found in the journal of David Brainard.

The real inheritors of this type of conscience were to be found among many of the radical reformers and agitators who were Hawthorne's contemporaries and with whom he had little in common. When their formal creed had fallen off, there remained the sense of personal guilt for original sin.

The sin of the Nation and of the whole Social Order weighed heavily upon them and tortured them and they found relief only in action.

All this was foreign to Hawthorne's mind. In his treatment of sin there is always a sense of moral detachment. We are not made to see as George Eliot makes us see the struggle with temptation; the soul, like a wild thing, seeing the tempting bait and drawing nearer to the trap. Hawthorne begins after the deed is done. He shows us

“The wild thing taken in a trap

Which sees the trapper coming through the woods!”

Of what is the trap made? It is made of a deed already done. Whence comes the ghostly trapper; he is no stranger in the woods,—There is no staying his advance as he makes his fatal rounds.

In the preface to the *House of the Seven Gables* the author gives the argument of the story,—“the truth, namely, that the wrong doing of one generation lives into the successive ones, and, divesting itself of every temporary advantage, becomes a pure and uncontrollable mischief.”

ADDRESS

This is the theme of the Greek tragedy *Nemesis*. The deed is done and cannot be undone ; the inevitable consequences must be endured.

In the *Scarlet Letter*, when Hester and Roger Chillingworth review the past and peer into the future, Hester says, " I said but now that there can be no good event for him or thee or me who are wandering together in this gloomy maze of evil, and stumbling at every step over the guilt wherewith we have strewn our path."

But is the present stumbling guilt or is it merely misery? The old man replies " By the first slip awry thou didst plant the germ of evil, but since that moment it has been a dark necessity. Ye that have wronged me are not sinful, save in a kind of typical illusion, neither am I fiend-like who have snatched a fiend's office from his hands. It is our fate. Let the black flower blossom as it may."

Strange words to come from one who had sat in a Puritan meeting-house! It is such comment as the Greek Chorus might make watching the unfolding of the doom of the House of Agamemnon! And when the tale of the *Scarlet Letter* has been told how does the Author himself look upon it? How does he distribute praise and blame?

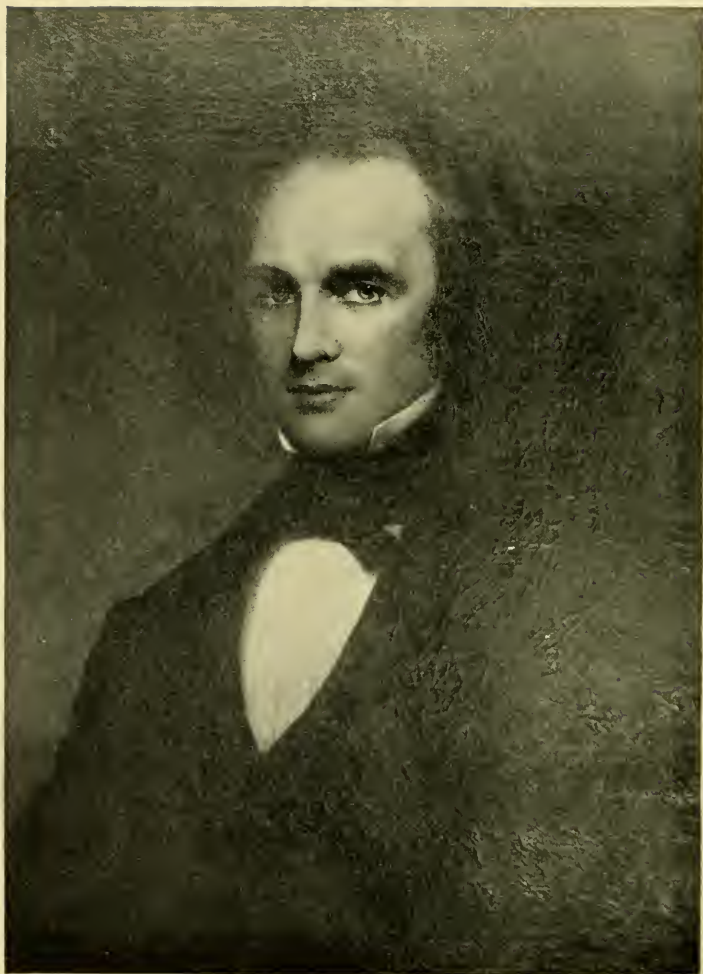
" To all these shadowy beings so long our near acquaintances,—as well Roger Chillingworth as his companions, we would fain be merciful. It is a curious subject of observation and inquiry whether love and hatred be not the same thing at bottom. Each in its utmost development supposes a high degree of intimacy and heart-knowledge ; each renders one individual dependent for his spiritual life on another ; each leaves the passionate lover or the no less passionate hater forlorn and desolate by the withdrawal of its subject. Philosophically considered therefore the passions seem essentially the same except

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

From the portrait painted by Cephas G. Thompson in 1850, now in possession of
Julian Hawthorne, Yonkers, N. Y.

that one happens to be seen in celestial radiance and the other in a dusky lurid glow." This is not the New England Conscience uttering itself. It is an illusive and questioning spirit.

If in his attitude toward human Destiny Hawthorne was in some essential respects un-Puritan, so also was he un-modern. There is a characteristic difference between antique and modern symbols for those necessary processes, beyond the sphere of our own wills, by which our lives are determined. The Ancients pictured it with austere simplicity. Life is a simple thread. The Fates spin it. It is drawn out on the distaff and cut off by the fatal shears.

Compare this with the phrase Carlyle loved to quote "the roaring loom of Time." Life is not a spinning wheel but a loom. A million shuttles fly; a million threads are inextricably interwoven. You cannot long trace the single thread; you can only discern the growing pattern. There is inevitable causation but it is not simple but complex. The situation at the present moment is the result not of one cause but of innumerable causes, and it is in turn the cause of results that are equally incalculable. We are a part of

"the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and air and sea."

Men of science show us how the whole acts upon each part and each part acts upon the whole. Modern novelists attempt, not always successfully, to give the impression of the amazing complexity of actual life, where all sorts of things are going on at the same time.

Whether we look upon it as his limitation or as his good fortune Hawthorne adhered to the spinning wheel rather than the loom. We see the antique Fates drawing out

the thread. A long series of events follow one another from a single cause.

A part of the power of Hawthorne's over our imagination lies in the singleness of purpose. In the Marble Faun we are told "the stream of Miriam's trouble kept its way through this flood of human life, and neither mingled with it nor was turned aside."

We are made to see the dark streams that do not mingle, nor turn aside, and we watch their fatal flow.

But is this real normal life? In such life do not the streams mingle? Are not evil influences quickly neutralized, as noxious germs die in the sunshine? No one would more readily acknowledge this than Hawthorne. He says: "It is not, I apprehend, a healthy kind of mental occupation to devote ourselves too exclusively to the study of individual men and women. If the person under examination be one's self the result is pretty certain to be diseased action of the heart almost before we can snatch a second glance. Or if we take the freedom to put a friend under the microscope we thereby insulate him from many of his true relations, magnify his peculiarities, inevitably tear him into parts, and of course patch him clumsily together again. What wonder, then, that we be frightened at such a monster, which, after all—though we can point to every feature of his deformity in the real personage—may be said to have been created mainly by ourselves."

The critic of Hawthorne could not describe better the limitation of his stories as pictures of real life. His characters, however clearly conceived, are insulated from many of their real relations, and their peculiarities are magnified.

In the Preface to the *Scarlet Letter* he says that the tale "wears to my eye a stern and sombre aspect, too much ungladdened by the tender and familiar influences which

soften almost every scene of Nature and real life, and which undoubtedly should soften every picture of them."

One who would defend Hawthorne the Author against Hawthorne the Critic must point out the kind of literature to which his work belongs. When we judge it by the rule of the romance or of the realistic novel we fail to do justice to its essential quality. The romancer, the story-teller pure and simple, is attracted by the swift sequence of events. His nimble fancy follows a plot as a kitten follows a string. Now it happens that in a world constituted as ours is the sequence of events follows a moral order. A good story has always in it an element of poetic justice. But the romancer does not tell his story for the sake of the moral. He professes to be as much surprised when it is discovered as is the most innocent reader. In like manner the realistic novel, in proportion as it is a faithful portrayal of life, has an ethical lesson. But the writer disclaims any purpose of teaching it. His business is to tell what the world is like. He leaves the rest to your intelligence.

But there is another kind of literature; it is essentially allegory. The allegorist takes a naked truth and clothes it with the garments of the imagination. Frequently the clothes do not fit and the poor truth wanders about awkwardly, self-conscious to the last degree. But if the artist be a genius the abstract thought becomes a person.

Hawthorne's work is something more than allegory, but his mind worked allegorically. His characters were abstract before they became concrete. He was not a realist aiming to give a comprehensive survey of the actual world. He consciously selected the incidents and scenes which would illustrate his theme.

In his conclusion of the Marble Faun, when the actors have withdrawn, the Author comes before the curtain and

says that he designed "the Story and the characters, to bear, of course, a certain relation to human nature and human life, but still to be so artfully and airily removed from our mundane sphere that some laws and proprieties of their own should be implicitly and insensibly acknowledged. The idea of the modern Faun for example loses all the poetry and beauty which the Author fancied in it and becomes nothing better than a grotesque absurdity if we bring it into the actual light of day." This is not realism. Tennyson describes the mood out of which such writing comes and to which it is addressed.

✓ "I seemed to sail with Arthur under looming shores,
Point after point, and on till dawn
When dreams begin to feel the truth and stir of day."

In this mood the bounds between romance and allegory fade away; persons become symbols and symbols have breathed into them the breath of life. The story and the truth it shadows are one.

The mood is common in poetry. Poets like Dante and Spencer and Shelley from it have given us

"Wise and lovely songs
Of fate and God and chance and chaos old,
And love."

There is a point where "dreams begin to feel the truth and stir of day," where the incidents of existence assume a dream-like character and where dreams become transparent symbols of reality. There are moods in which our familiar world seems strange to us, and we walk in it as on some bewildered shore.

In such moods to meet Hawthorne is a great experience. He is no longer shy and aloof, but he opens to us his heart, and with friendly zeal points out each object of interest—for in this border-land he is at home.

Bowdoin College, in Maine, said His Honor, the Mayor, in presenting the next speaker, has the distinction of having graduated many notable men, whose names have become famous, including Hawthorne and Longfellow and Franklin Pierce, a President of the United States.

We are fortunate in having with us a representative of the College, and I have the pleasure of introducing to you the Honorable Joseph W. Symonds, LL. D., of Portland, Maine, an Overseer and graduate of Bowdoin College, who will speak for Bowdoin.

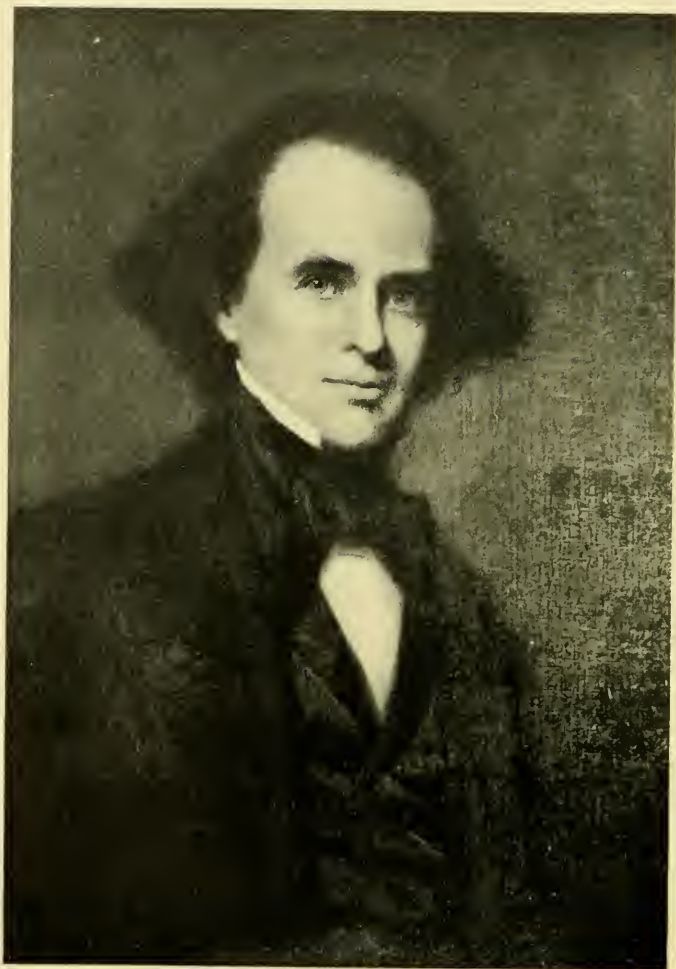


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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

From the portrait by George P. A. Healey painted for Franklin Pierce in 1852.
now in possession of Kirk D. Pierce, Esq.
Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

ADDRESS

BY JOSEPH W. SYMONDS, LL. D.

OF PORTLAND, MAINE

Among the men, whose genius and fame have become part of our common inheritance at Bowdoin College, whose influence lingers as a potent spell in that air, although their footsteps had ceased to sound in the college halls, their shadows to fall upon the breezy walks, long before our feet had trodden them ; among these men, and foremost among them, remains still, and will always remain the noble presence of Nathaniel Hawthorne. To our imagination, he stands somewhat aloof from the group, in the seclusion of a strange experience, with a shadow resting upon his face that might be of a passing cloud, but does not pass, intent, absorbed, as if he were following to the utmost verge of thought the threads of sombre hue on which human life is woven in changeful light and shade.

As you all know, Hawthorne had lived in Maine before he went to Bowdoin. After his father's death, his mother made her home in the house which her brothers built for her on their new lands in Maine, on the shores of the beautiful Sebago Lake ; but this must have been like a home in exile to them both ; a brief stay in the wilderness ; part of the heavy bereavement of his father's early death. His father had sailed away, never to return—an

ADDRESS

event which bore upon its gloomy wings not only the darkness of mystery, but the burden of perpetual loss. The family-home of culture and long association was in Salem, to which his mother and he were doubtless glad to return;—although I like to remember that with Hawthorne himself recollections of Raymond and its lakes and mountains always mingled pleasantly with the memories of youth.

A boyhood that had in it all the thrill and glow of the morning, dreamily pale or flushed, tastes long of the bitterness of a sorrow it cannot comprehend, learns the meaning of the sadness that smiles only deepen on the face of his mother most fondly loved; and, so, loiters thoughtfully at the open gateway of life. Its free and healthful spirit remains, but it has learned the pensive charm of solitude, and all the possibilities of abstracted thought are opening in its growing love of solitary rambling and musing. There are dark places in which fancy is already flitting; mental visitors, whose beauty is arrayed in sombre garb. Early experience and early reading alike tend to give peculiar color to the mind. The tendrils of thought, aspiring to the light, must climb through deep shadows to the sun.

In his preface to "The Stone Image," addressed to his friend Horatio Bridge, Hawthorne has given us the pleasantest possible picture of his life at Bowdoin. Familiar as it is, with your leave I will read a few lines of it. "I know not," he says, "whence your faith came; but, while we were lads together at a country college, gathering blueberries, in study hours, under those tall, academic pines, or watching the great logs as they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin, or shooting pigeons and gray squirrels in the woods, or bat-fowling in the summer-

twilight, or catching trouts in that shadowy little stream, which, I suppose, is still wandering riverward through the forest, though you and I will never cast a line in it again,—two idle lads, in short (as we need not fear to acknowledge now) doing a hundred things that the Faculty never heard of, or else it had been the worse for us,—still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction."

Returning from College to his home in Salem, dimly conscious of slumbering forces, as real and potent as those which charge the summer cloud, aspiring, sincere, swayed by the sweet influences of compelling stars, to which a genius without alloy so sensitively responded, in the silence of long and strange isolation he pursued his task of elaborating line by line, with a minute fidelity copied from nature, a series of stories of exquisite beauty in themselves, that are yet only so many threads of gold, to hold within the range of our duller sight the dream-lighted things which in far flight his imagination had traced. From that time on, his real life, the things which so interest and fascinate us in him, had but the slightest frame or setting in external events; our interest is in him and in his work, not in the facts of his personal history. These may trace his course of life, but how little they tell us of the life itself!

Salem and its history, the scene of some of the most intense manifestations of early Puritan life, how closely the period of Hawthorne's youth is identified with them! Early New England history and literature were a store-house of materials for him as the Homeric poems for the Greek dramatists. Or we may take another illustration. The memories of classical antiquity did not more surely inspire the romantic career of the mediæval Tribune,

which sprang from the crumbling memorials of the ancient State like a flower out of the crevices of ruin, than was Hawthorne's thought nurtured by the traditions of our New England past. The imagination of the last of the Tribunes dwelt in the stately order of the age of the Cæsars and in the glory of the Roman Republic not more intensely than Hawthorne's on the period of heroic struggle and sombre saintliness, which is the grand and rugged background of New England history. It is only this looking into the past that makes us think of the two together; strangely contrasted as they are in all else. The one dazzled Europe by a sort of brilliant knight-errantry. The other mused upon eternal laws.

✓ But in studying the genius of Hawthorne, it is possible to lay too much stress upon the accidental influences of place and circumstance. The main impulse was from within, the natural unfolding of the flower from the germ. No force from without could change its quality. Events might thrust themselves upon his attention. They could not determine the course or the nature of his thought. The clear, cold light, in which he wrought such subtle analysis of the mind and heart had its sources within himself. If his thought grew out of the past, it grew by an inner force and law. He was always superior to the materials in which he worked. The cunning of his hand was the same, in wood, or marble, or gold. At his touch, a spiritual significance quickens the dull round of daily duties, and the ordinary events of the day or the night brighten imperceptibly away into the halo which surrounds them.

"The romances of Hawthorne," Dean Stanley said in his lecture on America, "which connect themselves with Italian life may to us for the moment have the most interest, but those which shall possess the most enduring

value are the strange scenes of New England in the streets of Boston and Salem," and then, blending Hawthorne's name with other brilliant names of American authors, he added, "such pathetic and elevated sentiments, so intermingled with national sentiment, must have a share in raising the nation above the rustic murmur of parochial or municipal life into the great wave that echoes round the world."

If anything of original creative art in literature has yet been done in America, it has been done by Hawthorne more than by any other.

I would not dwell upon the saddened years after his return to America, his horror of the Civil War, his dread of brute force, his fear that the union of the States was finally broken, that our nation and its polity were but the fragments of a shattered dream, the despair of failing health, the bitter pang at finding himself unable to complete his last great work, his vitality no longer equal to the intense labor of his creative art. Almost the last glimpse we catch of him is from Dr. Holmes, who meeting him on Washington street in Boston was shocked and grieved at the change in him, walking feebly, shrunken and pale, ill and sad, conscious that he could do nothing more, the approach of death visible in his very presence, and still maintaining that peculiar reticence and reserve which seemed to shrink from all allusion to his own troubles and sorrows. This was the very day before that final journey to New Hampshire, where in the silence of the night, on the shore of the beautiful lake with which he and his friend were so familiar, the angel of death, with noiseless step, was present, to relieve the waiting angel of sleep at his bedside ;—and the world-weary man was at rest.

ADDRESS

Years ago, an author writing of the literary heavens of the early nineteenth century undertook to set them in constellations. There was the group of stars about the Edinburgh Review,—the four young men who founded it, before three of whom a great future opened, the fourth of whom an early death awaited, at which all England grieved ; then there was the Tory element grouped about Blackwood ; Charles Lamb and his friends, gathered about the London Magazine, in which the essays of Elia first appeared ; here and there a star of the first magnitude, shining separately, and at last Byron and Shelley, a twin-star constellation, the Gemini of the literary firmament of that period.

This may serve to remind us that the same constellation, the Gemini, more than any other, more than all others, rules our Bowdoin heavens. The names of the stars in that constellation are not Byron and Shelley ; to us, they are names of finer lustre , even, than those. They are Longfellow and Hawthorne ; men of genius both, whose lives moved to ideal ends, in solitude or among men. The aroma of high character and fine culture abides in all they were, in all they have done. Each of them wrote with the scholar's and the artist's pen, and made of his English style an element so pure that the airiest creatures of the imagination might disport themselves at will in it, in all the lightness of motion, in the wavy grace of flowing and vanishing outlines.

And how noble the friendship between them ! With generous words in the North American Review, Longfellow hailed the publication of the "Twice Told Tales ;" his welcome sympathy invaded even Hawthorne's solitude, greeting him at every triumph. Finally returning sadly from Hawthorne's burial at Concord, Longfellow wrote

BY JOSEPH W. SYMONDS, LL. D.

the familiar poem upon his classmate and friend:

“ Ah, who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain ?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain ! ”

The unfinished window in the charmed palace !

With what splendor of the sunset would Hawthorne have piled it, if he could have lived even to the limit of three score years and ten, but it was not to be. He did not live to see his sixtieth birthday. Unfinished it must remain.

The loss to American literature by Hawthorne's death at that age, who shall estimate it ! He died in the golden glow of the harvest, the ripe wealth of autumn all about him, ungathered into sheaves.

In presenting the next speaker the Mayor said :

While we in Salem claim that the first blood of the Revolution was shed at North Bridge, the town of Concord has the distinction and honor of being the first battleground of the Revolutionary War. Two of America's famous men, Hawthorne and Emerson, made their home in Concord. We are honored by having with us to-day a son of "Emerson, the Sage of Concord" and it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you, Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson, of Concord.

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

From a photograph of the marble bust by Louisa Lander, made at Rome, in
February, 1858, and now in the Concord (Mass.)
Public Library.

ADDRESS

BY EDWARD W. EMERSON, M. D.

OF CONCORD, MASS.

In my childhood, as I was playing with my sisters, my father returned from his afternoon walk (which it was his habit to take alone) with a younger companion, who came into the porch and looked pleasantly down on me and my sisters, but almost with the first shyness of another child. He was tall and well made, with a brown oval face of much beauty, and dark handsome eyes, though his curly hair was not black. This was Nathaniel Hawthorne, newly returned with his family to make his home on the sunny side of the slope where Concord's Puritan settlers first made theirs. This low line of hills is the scene of the imagined encounter of his hero Septimius Felton and the English officer. It was the only region of Concord which Hawthorne knew, except the river-shores near the Old Manse, in which, when first married, he had dwelt as a tenant for a time. For Hawthorne lived apart in his own world, absolutely unknown to his townsmen, and hardly noting the village as he stalked through it, encased in his magic armor of detachment, when forced to go to the railroad station. When callers came he fled, if time allowed, up the wooded steep behind the house, but if too late and cornered, was genial, though his eyes instinctively looked around for a way of escape. Yet he enjoyed

society as one does a cold bath after the dread plunge is taken.

A lady, a valued friend of Hawthorne and Emerson, remarked of Hawthorne when visitors came to his house, that, though his shyness was evident, he always faced the occasion like a man when it came to the point. This lady remarked upon the pleasure Mr. Emerson took in seeing Hawthorne on the rare occasions when they met, when Emerson talked with him, assailing the citadel of his silence from which Hawthorne *looked* his answers; and she said that persons about Mr. Emerson generally echoed him, and hence it was refreshing to him to find this perfect individual, all himself and nobody else. Mr. Emerson said of him "His way is regal even when he hands the bread."

But he could not get away from his own children and was a delightful father, and so other children who came to see them, saw him too, now and then. And how much children owe Hawthorne, the Eustace Bright of his "Wonder-Book" and "Tanglewood Tales." These are far and away the most charming presentations of the myths of old Greece, and parents are happy who have in their children the excuse of reading them anew. To fully enjoy and understand Hawthorne, begin with the "Wonder-Book" and "Tanglewood Tales"—note the child in the interlude of these books, and in "The Chimæra," the best of the stories;—how it was the little boy's belief in the gleaming steed of Heaven, Pegasus, that strengthened Bellerophon's waning courage and led to his triumph over monsters of the earth, when mounted on him.

As for Hawthorne's introduction of the child so often, *In hoc signo vinces* may have been an early oracle to this artist. The child-like in him,—the recurrence in his romances of childhood's beauty and faith, and its power

to scatter darkness—is one of the prime secrets of their charm.

Hawthorne noted that “in the eyes of a child or other innocent person the image of a cherub or angel is to be seen peeping out ; in those of a vicious person, a devil.” Persons who are repelled by anything short of freest air and light find in Hawthorne only the student of the unwholesome and uncanny. But he was not, like some modern psychologists, disguised as story tellers, through over subtlety enmeshed in his own web. He was an artist: more so some will say than any of his predecessors and contemporaries here—some will say anywhere. Wonderful tapestries came from his loom. He speaks of “the stern old stuff of Puritanism with a gold thread in the web.” Curtis says that Hawthorne everywhere shows “that the black thread is inwoven with all forms of life, with all developments of character.” His background of gloom and fate is like that of an old Flemish picture from which some perfect piece of Nature may stand out focussed in the light, whether of candle or of sun.

Washington Allston said that Coleridge taught him in Rome this Golden Rule, “Never to judge of any work of Art by its defects.” So let us judge Hawthorne by his best work, for all must often fall short of that.

“The House of the Seven Gables” shows Hawthorne’s characteristic charm. Here the ancient house, curse-haunted, shadowing even itself with its projecting storey, is echoed by the withered and unconsciously frowning gentlewoman who lives in its chambers, “over grown with the desolation which watches to obliterate every trace of man’s happier hours.” But the house is as interesting as one of Prout’s old drawings, and the natural refinement of Hawthorne will not allow old Miss Hepzibah to be a farce

character. We are not permitted to laugh, only to smile, at the touching old, near-sighted, stiff-kneed, incapable creature. The prematurely aged cousin, demented by his wrongs, deepens the sombre picture. But in this gloom, shines out first devotion and then love,—and then wholesome youth, in the shape of Phœbe Pyncheon, enters and makes Indian summer there. She and the flowers she loves, make the centre of the picture whose color the gloom around only heightens, and Fate is not dominant at last, and the Miracle is new. When Hawthorne has peered into the dark witch-wood, the haunted house, the cursed spring, the hereditary doom, he brings in the chubby child, the damask rose, the faint fragrance of some old-fashioned garden flower, the fearless innocence of youth, and makes from simplest material bright and wholesome pictures, with almost the freshness of morning upon them,—yet there is an atmosphere, a slight subduing of light in all we see in his magic mirror.

His work, mellow from the first, did not, like paintings or wine, need Time to ripen it. There was no more crudity in one of his tales of New England in the days of her rawness than in the *Marble Faun*—Yes, he is sometimes unwholesome, but not beyond the bounds of what is seemly. Contrast some of his most gruesome raw material as it appears in his note book, with the matter as presented by the artist in a story.

Hawthorne said frankly “life is made up of marble and mud.” But he selected his mud, never touching offal, and, being an artist, knew its use was, not for daubing, but for modelling.

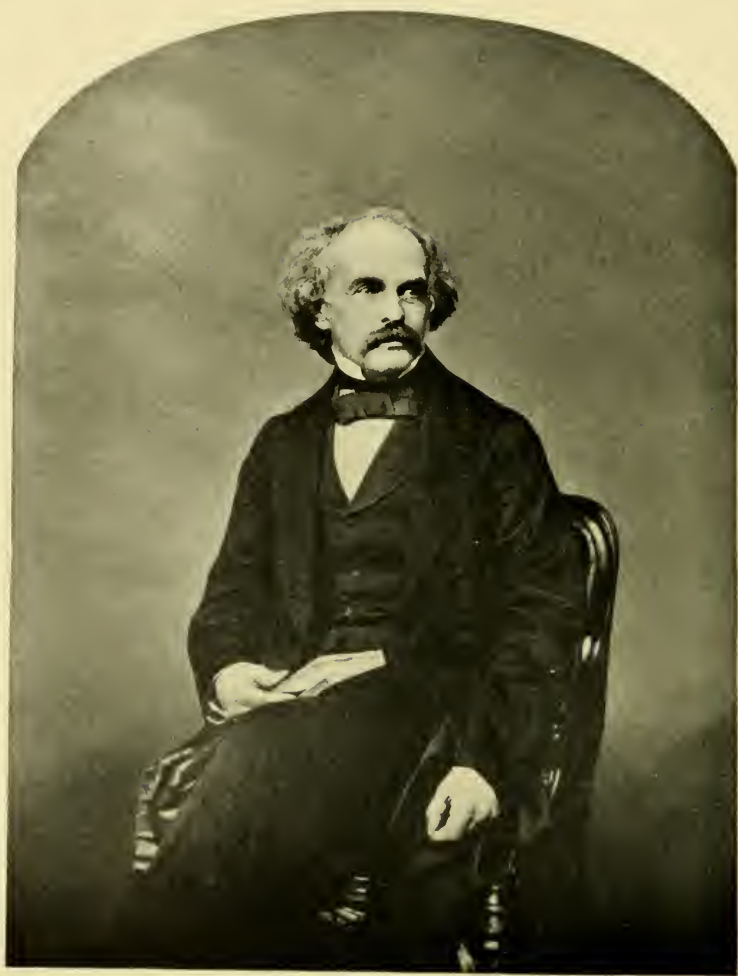
In the days of Hawthorne’s young married life at the Manse, George William Curtis, then living in Concord as a farm-labourer, describes a “conversation” held at one of the houses there.

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

From a copy of a photograph by Mayall, taken May 19, 1860, in London, England,
now in possession of the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass. The so-called
"Motley photograph."

“It was winter and a great wood-fire blazed upon the hospitable hearth. There were various men and women of note assembled, and I, who listened attentively to all the fine things that were said, was not for some time aware of a man who sat upon the edge of the circle, a little withdrawn, his head slightly thrown forward upon his breast, and his bright eyes clearly burning under his black brow. As I drifted down the stream of talk, this person, who sat silent as a shadow, looked to me as Webster might have looked, had he been a Poet. He rose, and walked to the window, and stood quietly there for a long time, watching the dead, white landscape. No appeal was made to him, nobody looked after him,—the conversation flowed steadily on as if every one understood that his silence was to be respected. It was the same thing at table. In vain the silent man imbibed æsthetic tea. Whatever fancies it inspired did not flower at his lips. But there was a light in his eye that assured me that nothing was lost. So supreme was his silence that it presently engrossed me to the exclusion of everything else. There was very brilliant discourse, but this silence was much more poetic and fascinating. Fine things were said by the philosophers, but much finer things were implied by the dumbness of this gentleman with heavy brows and black hair. When he presently rose and went, Emerson, with his ‘slow wise smile’ that breaks over his face like day over the sky, said, ‘Hawthorne rides well his horse of the night.’”

Since the fair still morning in the youth of the world when Venus led women to a dark pool in the woods and bade them look down into it and see what they should see, or perhaps more appropriately, since the time when Narcissus felt the fatal charm of *reflection* in loss of light, the

mirror with its mystery of enchanting illusion has served the prophet, the magician, the poet and the artist. To make men see images of life, "as in a glass, darkly" has been the work of those classes of men (whose work has ever been in demand) who indeed but followed Nature with her mist wreaths, her mirage and dark reflecting waters.

But the pool, the river, the glassy ocean do not merely reproduce, they render, translate, choose. So with the true artist's mind. Hawthorne's was like Cornelius Agrippa's Magic Mirror, and in it he made men see pictured a shadowy life of the Puritans in the old New England towns which

"The Sea

Moans round with many voices."

His fancy was like a dark stream which with slightly ruffled surface alters proportions, and brings a distortion, which is yet harmonious, into the inverted world into which we peer from the banks; gives a twilight mystery to the dim background, the distorted and blasted growths of a witch-wood. And yet, as in the mirrored world, against the sad background an evening primrose or a tuft of pale asters may show with a beauty that seems new and miraculous, so in Hawthorne's stories a human flower stands out, blossoming, *in spite of Fate*. And the beauty heightened thereby, justifies the dark mystery that lies behind, like Hope at the bottom of Pandora's box. And again, as on her fatal box, in his rendering, Pandora thinks that, on a sudden turning, she detects passing smiles on the inscrutable carved face, whether of mockery or kindness she cannot tell, so here and there bits of humour creep out of the classic modelling of his romances. This image reappears in another form in the distorted

faces ever forming in the cursed Spring. Grotesques most unexpectedly relieve the seriousness, as in the carvings of the cathedral.

How charmingly he slaps the Transcendentalists in his hint as to the uselessness of Lynceus on the Argo's prow as a look-out for near rocks because of his attention to sunken treasures hundreds of fathoms deep, of lands beyond the horizon; remember too the delightful proposal of the little Puritan children with regard to Hester Prynne's little daughter, "Go to! Let us cast stones at her!"—even the close observation of domestic matters shown in the description of the absurd hens with their wizened chickens, and of the fidgety reluctance and spasmodic jerkings of bureau-drawers,—everywhere the fun peeps quietly out from the story, as I have seen it from his eyes when he had recovered a little from his first shyness in dealing with young guests of his children.

Hawthorne's shyness drove him to cloistered life (except for his family), whether in Massachusetts, in England, or in Italy,—in spite of the anomaly of his having had a share of public life and functions. Perhaps because of this want of social experience he ventures little on conversation in his books. His skill is in painting successive pictures clothed in wonderful atmosphere, but yet allowing great distinctness and brilliancy at the focus, and this has to be supplemented by mind-reading, like the Interpreter's show to Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress." Indeed one must steadily recur to the simile of a magician's glass. What does that mean however more than the gift of a consummate artist? The story does not move. We dally in a beautiful, or are spell-bound in a gloomy picture, and after a time one gives place to another until the story ends.

ADDRESS

Lowell in his "Fable for Critics" thus explains the flower-like delicacy of Hawthorne's apparently robust personality—

"When Nature was shaping him, clay was not granted
For making so full-sized a man as she wanted;
So to fill out her model a little she spared
From some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared;
And she couldn't have hit a more excellent plan
For making him fully and perfectly man."

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

From a photograph by Mayall, taken May 19, 1860, in London, England, now in possession of Frank Cousins, Salem, Mass. The so-called
" Holden photograph."

LETTER

FROM THE HONORABLE JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE
UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR AT THE
COURT OF ST. JAMES*

AMERICAN EMBASSY, LONDON.

10th June, 1904.

MY DEAR RANTOUL:

I was deeply sensible of the partial kindness of yourself and your Committee in asking me to attend and take part in the celebration of the Hawthorne Centennial at Salem, and I greatly regret that my public duties here forbade me to accept the flattering invitation.

I have done what I could to atone for my shortcomings, by gathering the brief tributes to your great author from the celebrated writers and critics, which will accompany this, as laurels to be laid upon his shrine—on the occasion of celebrating his hundredth birthday. These just appreciations by such eminent writers and persons as Henry James, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Andrew Lang, and James Bryce will be highly valued by all who are interested in Hawthorne.

Having done this, I supposed I should be exempt from further service, but you insist upon my adding a few words of my own. In doing so I shall leave criticism to

*Extracts from the following correspondence were read by the Honorable Alden P. White of Salem.

LETTER

the critics, having no skill or experience in that difficult art. I can only speak as a Salem man very proud of his nativity, who has always considered Hawthorne as the brightest jewel in Salem's crown, and who by a constant perusal of his fascinating books, has been helped to keep alive a warm feeling for his birthplace, which makes it always dear to him. Your city—our city, may I not say?—has produced many interesting and celebrated men in all the walks of public and of private life, but no one of them all, as it seems to me, has conferred upon it such lasting honor and renown, as he whose first century completed you are celebrating to-day, and the fame of his writings is strictly identified with the history and character of his native town—

“Seven Grecian cities claimed great Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread—”

but there will never be any such contest about Hawthorne, for though Salem should perish from the face of the earth, though her ancient habitations should crumble to dust, and some great convulsion of nature submerge the place where she stood, her unique character and history would be kept alive for many generations by the writings of this her most gifted son. He was inspired in a most remarkable degree, by the *genius loci*,—the spirit of the place where he was born and bred, and his subtle mind was deeply saturated with the contemplation of its interesting annals.

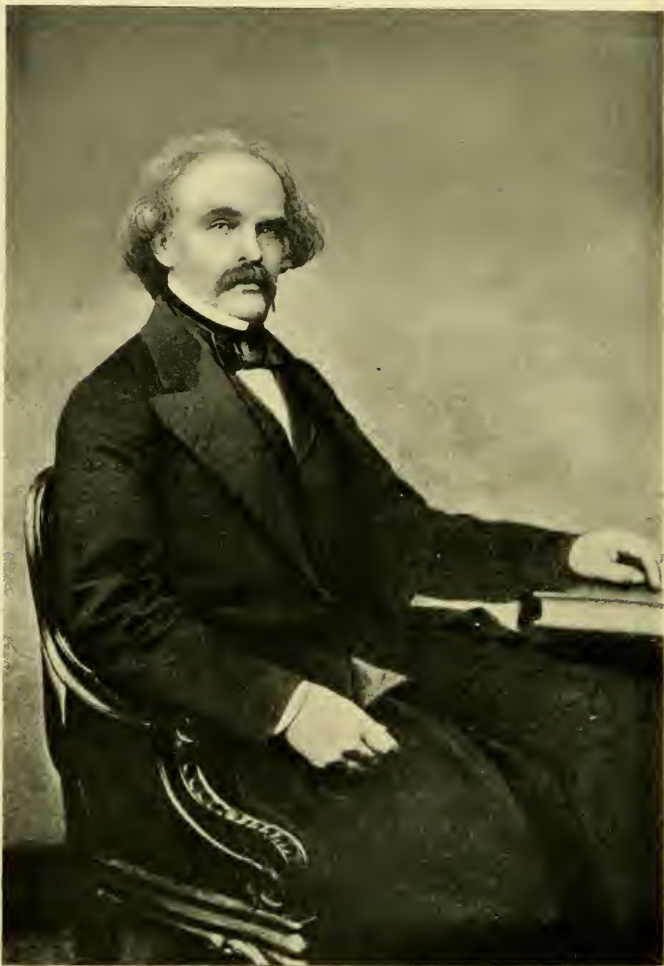
Those fifteen years which, after graduating at Bowdoin, he spent in that dismal chamber in Herbert street, “where fame was won”—strange training and discipline for our most brilliant literary artist—must have been largely spent in the study of the history of Salem and of the Province of Massachusetts Bay. To his keen, discriminating

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

From a copy of a photograph by Mayall, taken May 19, 1860, in London, England,
now in possession of the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass.

The so-called "Bennock photograph."

and refining intellect all the incidents of our Colonial and later story had become as familiar as household words, and were really "Twice Told Tales." I know of no writer who has been so completely stamped for life by his environment. What to us are but faded reminiscences and traditions had become to him living and pleasant realities, as if his own eyes had witnessed them.

The landing of Endicott and his sturdy companions—the preaching of the saintly Higginson in the First Church—the long tramp through the woods of Winthrop, the great founder of a great State, from Boston to Salem, to visit his brethren—the ejection of Roger Williams, the first apostle of toleration, and his departure into the wilderness because the theological air of Salem was too strong for him—the brief careers of the doughty Hugh Peter and the gentle Sir Harry Vane, who both returned to England to lose their heads at the Restoration—the visits of the friendly Indians to the first settlers at the spring, where afterwards stood the town pump—and the cutting out by our stalwart Governor, of the cross, which in his narrow view defaced the Royal ensign—were all living facts deep seated in his historic vision.

But what haunted his imagination more than all else in our Colonial history, was the part which his first and second ancestors in Salem had taken, the one in the cruel persecution of the Quakers, and the other in the trial and execution of the Witches. Their conduct seemed to him to have cast a blight, as it were, upon their immediate descendants, and to have left a dark cloud upon the fair name of his birthplace. He studied the grim Puritans who walked your streets in the first century of the town, and treasured up many a picture that he found there for the illustration of his future works. But he did not limit

his contemplation to the dark and sombre side of our history. He must have grown familiar with the later and more brilliant portion of our annals, with the very creditable conduct of Salem in Colonial days when she gave generous sympathy and support to Boston, unhappily closed for the time by the Boston Port Bill, and made common cause with the other towns and cities of the Colonies against the oppressive measures of Parliament. He knew how well she sustained her part through the Revolutionary struggle, the opening incident of which was Colonel Leslie's retreat at North Bridge. He knew with what courage and daring her merchants and seamen, among whom many of his ancestors in succession were counted, led the van in extending American Commerce in the Far East, rendering great service before the mast and on the quarter-deck, and bringing home cargoes that laid the foundation of many noble fortunes. He did not forget the achievements of our soldiers and sailors in the second war with England, so nobly represented by his heroic old chief in the Salem Custom House—that battered veteran—General Miller, who “tried” and succeeded, and whom he describes as “New England’s most distinguished soldier.”

His inventive genius wove many of these local events and characters and traits into his fascinating romances—through each one of which there runs a delicate thread of mystery—which gives an absorbing interest to every subject that he touches—as the constant readers of the “Twice Told Tales,” “The House of the Seven Gables,” and the “Scarlet Letter,” with its satirical and rarely humorous preface can testify.

I know that his life in Salem was always sombre and solitary, and at times disheartening,—that he took no part

in the social life of the place—standing aloof at all times from social contact, that he often left it and often returned, and that much of his best work was done elsewhere, but it was here, as he says himself, that fame was won. It was here that by the charming products of his pen, unappreciated at first, and struggling slowly into recognition, he won admission into the company of that famous group of writers, chief among whom were Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, and Whittier, who glorified New England, and made Boston the headquarters of American letters and learning. He was made welcome to the inner heart of that noble company, and who shall say that his fame will be less enduring than that of any of that illustrious group? that the wonderful power of imagination of this great writer of romance, which could transform the most commonplace subjects and incidents into enchanting legends and stories of the rarest merit, shall not carry his name as a familiar one to a distant posterity?

The writer of a great romance achieves a distinction more enviable and enduring than office or political reputation can confer. It may not compare with that of the founders of States, or of the greatest military heroes, or of the masters of science, who enlarge the boundaries of knowledge and discover new secrets of nature to be applied to the relief and service of man, but he who writes a good book to edify and delight his fellowmen for generation after generation is certainly a great benefactor of his age and country. Life is so full of labours and sorrows and bores, that he who relieves and lightens the load, by giving us a good and charming book, whose virtues time and chance cannot destroy, deserves well of his own generation and of those which come after.

LETTER

It seems to me therefore wise and just that Salem as his birthplace, and the place where he worked his hard way to fame, should make the most of the Centennial of his birth, and should commend his writings to the next age as among the most precious of our National treasures. But, as one of his constant readers and admirers, I should not be content that this interesting occasion should be one of mere empty praise and adulation, however high the laurels may be heaped upon his head. I would have a more lasting monument erected to his memory, which should identify him to coming ages with the ancient city of his birth. I wish that the noblest statue of him which modern art can produce could mark the spot where his intellectual life and fame began. It should stand as nearly as possible on the exact site of the Town Pump, which the earliest effort of his genius made immortal. As he said himself, speaking for that personified benefactor of the city—

When I shall have decayed like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain take my place upon this spot. . . In far antiquity beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear and deemed as precious as liquid diamonds. The Indian Sagamore drank of it from time immemorial till the fatal deluge of the fire-water burst upon the red men and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here out of the hollow of his hand, and the Elder Higginson here wet his palm and laid it on the forehead of the first town-born child.

Thus Hawthorne indicated the proper place for his monument on the spot where his genius first gushed forth. But let us surmount the marble fountain which he thus

FROM HON. JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE

happily described, with a noble statue of himself, which shall convey to distant ages some worthy idea of the manly form and classic features of the man whom Salem to-day delights to honor. I should be much pleased to contribute towards such a monument, and so I am sure would hundreds of his fellow-townsmen at home and abroad. Many hands make light work, and if you who have inaugurated this occasion would set such a movement on foot, I am sure that it would succeed.

Wishing you every success in the celebration,

I remain,

Most truly,

Your friend and townsman,

JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

HON. ROBERT S. RANTOUL.

LETTER

FROM THE RIGHT HONORABLE JAMES BRYCE

HOUSE OF COMMONS, LONDON.

June 10th, 1904.

DEAR MR. CHOATE :

Every one who loves literature will be glad to know that Salem is going to celebrate the memory of one of its most famous sons, who is also one of the greatest among American writers : and it gives me special pleasure to respond to your request for a few lines expressing, however briefly and imperfectly, what I feel about Nathaniel Hawthorne, because you are yourself sprung from that ancient and remarkable—I had almost said unique—New England city, a city not to be forgotten by whoever has seen it.

Hawthorne is certainly one of your greatest men of letters. Yet he is not distinctively American in the same sense as, for instance, Emerson is. Sometimes it is a note of greatness that a writer should not belong specially to any one country or any one time, but have that universal quality in his genius which makes his work appeal equally to countries and times not his own. Hawthorne does not seem, except (in a sense) by way of contrast, to carry one's thoughts to the New World. He was mostly occupied not with new but with old things. There is nothing in him of that rush and stress of American life, which even in his days travellers from Europe noted, contrasting it with the slower movement of Europe. I do not mean

that he belonged to Europe, or to England in particular, rather than to America. He stands apart: he is a detached,—an isolated figure. He is not specifically and distinctly the child of any nation. Indeed he might have written in some other language than ours, though no doubt he would have written somewhat differently, for no one can help being affected by the form of speech he uses. And there is a sense in which he seems to belong not so much to the nineteenth century as to the eighteenth, the shadow of which was thrown upon his earlier years.

Yet there is an aspect of his genius which is indissolubly connected not only with America but with Salem. Salem is not only one of the oldest communities in New England: it is one of those which had in his day preserved—as indeed its older parts have not wholly lost—the most of an antique character. It recalled the grave, stern, rigidly ordered life of old Puritanism as few other spots did. It was the home of ecclesiastical traditions: it was full of associations from those days when religious ideas and usages ruled men's minds in a way we find it nowadays hard to realize. These associations tinged his imagination. They made him meditative and brooding. They filled with mystery the world in which he moved: they drew down the clouds of the Past into the sunshine of the Present. The power he had of making the past real and vivid, of bringing it into and rendering it a part of the present, is one of his most remarkable gifts. In this no writer of modern times has surpassed, and few have equalled him. It was a power independent of the conditions which first evoked it, for it is almost as fully displayed, perhaps even more winningly and romantically displayed, when he evokes the old joyous days of half-heathen Italy as when he carries us back into the more sombre foretime of Puritan Massachusetts.

LETTER FROM RT. HON. JAMES BRYCE

He loved half lights. His figures seemed to move through an atmosphere of mystery, as in a dream. Yet he has also the gift, which at first sight might appear incompatible with that other gift, of grasping an idea or an emotion with extraordinary force, and setting it before us in a person, or in a dramatic situation, with a terrible intensity. The idea is dwelt upon and repeated in various forms till it seems to fill the sky and cover the horizon. This is perhaps the most characteristic mark of the energy of Hawthorne's imagination, as his capacity to create a weird and almost unearthly atmosphere is the characteristic mark of the peculiar quality by which, as by a rare and precious scent, we recall his work in our thought.

He is not a writer of fiction in the ordinary sense of the word, and troubles himself very little about plot or incident. He is rather a poet, who is occupied and penetrated with a passion for singular psychological problems ; strange phases of human feeling ; yet not morbid phases (for these are usually unfit for artistic treatment), but such rather as lie so deep and are so shadowy and dim as either to escape the notice of ordinary observers, or to baffle the descriptive power of ordinary writers. He does not use verse, but his diction has often all the richness and grace of poetry. He is a profound and subtle thinker, who thinks not many things, but much, and whose thoughts run always into an imaginative mould. He has left us but little, compared with some of his more facile contemporaries. But what he has left is nearly all of it golden ; and it will, if one may venture on prediction, be prized a century hence as we prize it now.

Believe me, sincerely yours,

JAMES BRYCE.

HON. JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

From the photograph by Black & Case, Boston, now in possession of
Mrs. Richard C. Manning, Salem, Mass.

LETTER

FROM MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

STOCKS, TRING, ENGLAND.

June 8, 1904.

DEAR MR. CHOATE,—You have asked me to write you a few pages that, in the coming celebration at Salem of the hundredth anniversary of Nathaniel Hawthorne's birth, may be laid, with all the other tributes which the day will call forth, at the feet of Salem's famous son. It seems to me a great honour that you should have asked me to join in the homage of this anniversary; for the author of 'The Scarlet Letter' has always filled a place of peculiar sacredness and delight in my literary memory. So that to express my feeling of admiration and gratitude is only to give a voice to something long since conceived, to shape into some kind of utterance that which for many years has been an emotion and a force. For when I look back to the books which most strongly influenced my own youth, I am aware of a love for certain writings of Hawthorne, a love most ardent, and tenacious, which succeeded a passion of the same kind for certain writings of Mr. Ruskin. In both cases the devotion was hardly rational; it did not spring from any reasoned or critical appreciation of the books, for it dates from years when I was quite incapable of anything of the kind. It was the result, I think, of a vague, inarticulate sense of an appealing

beauty, and a beauty so closely mingled with magic and mystery that it haunted memory 'like a passion.' Some scenes from 'The Scarlet Letter,' and some pages from 'The Stones of Venice,' haunted me in this way. And I can still sharply remember how much this early impression depended upon Hawthorne's *austerity*, upon his deep-rooted Puritanism, upon what has been often pointed to as 'the sense of sin' in him. Many of the short stories, no less than 'The Scarlet Letter,' and long before I truly understood them, used to awaken in me a sort of aching and painful joy, which was partly sympathy and partly rebellion. Again and again I have read over the scene between Hester, the minister, and Pearl, in the wood, insisting with myself that it must end with the flight and freedom of these tortured beings, and hardly able—though always conscious of its shadowy approach—to bear the moment when hope departs and Pearl brings back the fatal letter. So in the last scene, one of the most poignantly beautiful in literature, when Hester hangs over the dying minister and says to him: 'Shall we not meet again? Shall we not spend our immortal life together? surely, surely we have ransomed one another with all this woe! Thou lookest far into eternity with those bright dying eyes! Then tell me what thou seest?'—and the minister replies: 'Hush, Hester, hush! . . . I fear! I fear!'—the awe and shudder of such a last denial of hope has always remained with me as one of the greatest things of imagination, deriving its power from that stern spiritual energy which is its ultimate source.

So, in later years, 'Transformation,' with a still more daring combination of the same elements—Romantic beauty with Puritan austerity—exercised a like effect, spoke with the same exquisitely mingled voice. Kenyon and Hilda, set against Miriam and Donatello,—they are

themselves the symbols of Hawthorne's genius, or rather of the strangely varied strands of which it was woven. For above all, and before all, it seems to me, he was a Romantic—a Romantic of the great time. He was born two years later than Victor Hugo; a year after the father of nineteenth-century Romanticism, Chateaubriand, had shown in the tale of 'Atala' the power of the American wilds to infuse new spells into the imagination of the Old World; and a year before the publication of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.' And whether at Salem or Boston, and long before his feet had trodden France or Italy, he shared to the full in the heritage of that generation, in its characteristic love of mystery and terror, which was also a passionate love of beauty; in its new perception of veiled and infinite horizons on the one hand, and in its sheer defiant delight, on the other, in the many-coloured detail, lovely or horrible, magnificent or grotesque, wherewith nature and man are always filling that small illuminated space amid the darkness, in which life revolves. How many instances might be given of the Romantic temper in Hawthorne!—the wonderful passage in the 'House of the Seven Gables' where Phœbe, before her eyes perceive him, is conscious in the shadowed room of Clifford's return; the grim vengeance of Roger Chillingworth; the appearance in the Catacombs of Miriam's mysterious persecutor; that swift murder on the Tarpeian rock; Hilda's confession in St. Peter's:—not to speak of such things as 'Malvin's Burial' or 'The Ambitious Guest' or 'Rappacini's Daughter,' each of them a Romantic masterpiece which may match with any other of a similar kind from the first or second generation of the European Romantics. Surprise, invention, mystery, an unfailing command, now of rich colour, now of things terrible or ironic, and now of a grace, half-toned and gentle as a

LETTER

spring day, combined with that story-teller's resource which is the gift of the gods alone:—these things we shall find in Hawthorne, just as we find them—some or all of them—in Hugo or Musset, in Gautier or Merimée.

But what a marvel of genius that it should be so! For while Victor Hugo's childhood and youth were passed first in Naples, then in Spain, and finally in the Paris of the Restoration, amid all that might fitly nourish the great poet who came to his own in 1830, Hawthorne's youth and early manhood, before the Brook Farm experience, were passed, as he himself tells us, in a country where there were 'no shadows, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity in broad and simple daylight,'—in a town and a society, which had and could have nothing—or almost nothing—of those special incitements and provocations which, in the case of his European contemporaries, were always present. As to the books which may have influenced him, they do not seem to be easy to trace. But I remember a mention of Bürger's 'Lenore' in the 'Note-Books,' which links him with Scott's beginnings; and a reference to a translation he was making of a tale by Tieck gives me particular pleasure, because it connects him with our great English Romantic, Emily Brontë, who was reading Tieck just about the same time. Naturally in the thirties and forties a man of fine literary capacity, commanding French and German, and associated with Emerson, Longfellow, and Margaret Fuller, must have read the European books of the moment, and must have been stirred by the European ideas and controversies then affecting his craft. And indeed the love of the past, the love of nature, curiosity, freedom, truth, daring,—all these Romantic traits are Hawthorne's.

But what makes him so remarkable, so perennially in-

teresting, is that he is a New-England—a Puritan Romantic; a Romantic with ‘a sense of sin!’ That is not how we shall any of us describe Victor Hugo, or George Sand, or Alfred de Musset! A French critic finds the inmost note and essence of Romanticism in that mad glorification of the ‘I,’ which in the wilder Romantics set all laws, æsthetic or moral, at defiance. M. Brunetière must be wrong! Hawthorne’s genius is enough to prove it. For in his case the Romantic instinct finds its chief food in what seem to him at all times the majestic verities and sanctions of the moral life and those not the verities and sanctions of the individual conscience merely, as George Sand might have enforced them, but the plain matters of ordinary law and custom, as the plain man understands them. His attitude is the Pauline one, ‘the strength of sin is the law,’ and it is in the vengeance or the triumph of law that he is perpetually seeking and finding his noblest artistic effects. He moralises perpetually, and his danger of course is the didactic danger, wherein he differs from your other great Romantic, Edgar Allan Poe, whose danger is that of morbid excess and extravagance, as with so many European writers of the movement. But Hawthorne is saved, first by poetry, and then by his perpetual love of and interest in the common life. The preacher indeed is ultimately absorbed in the poet, and his final aim is not reform but beauty—the eternal immortalising aim of the artist. While for him, also, the spectacle of human character and human suffering is in itself so absorbing, that he is able to communicate his vision to us, just because his touch is so disinterested and true,—so free indeed from that preoccupation with the ‘I’ which we are told to regard as typically Romantic. ‘He liked’ it has been said, ‘to fraternize with plain people, to take them on their own terms, and put himself, if possible into their

LETTER FROM MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

shoes.' There indeed is the wide sympathy of the poet, the surest condition of abiding work. The 'Note-Books' are full of it. 'The strange fellow in the bar-room—a sort of mock Methodist—a cattle drover,' whose talk turned upon religion 'while quaffing fourteen cups of tea;' 'the man with a smart horse,' who, when congratulated upon it, replies gaily that he 'has a better at home;' the blacksmith, whose conversation has much 'strong unlettered sense,' imbued with 'humour,' than whom 'I know no man who seems more like a man, more indescribably human,'—the surgeon dentist, the school teacher, the travelling actor, the dogs, the horses,—all parts and all figures and accessories of the human play, as he sees it, are equally delightful to him,—all enter into that heightened illuminated feeling whereof the fruit in literature is such a story as 'The Seven Vagabonds,' or such a novel as that which tells the story of the Pyncheons.

Thus, with Beauty haunting his path, 'an hourly visitant,' and all the intricacies of human character for subject, did Hawthorne shape himself, through the long years at Salem, and through the drudgeries of his Custom House post, into the ever-delightful artist he now appears to us,—an artist whose place grows larger and more certain as the days roll on, and, in the quiet of our after-judgment, he and the other great ones of his day rise to the honour which is duly theirs. 'On the pure horizon far' we see his star shining beside its fellows, and we know it for one of those lights of poetry which live when other lights grow dim, let the years fleet as they may.

Forgive these too hasty thoughts. They are meant only as the dropping of a rose on your poet's grave—nothing more!

MARY A. WARD.

HON. JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

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Nathaniel Hawthorne.

From a photograph by Black & Case, Boston, now in possession
of the Misses Manning, Salem, Mass.

LETTER

FROM HENRY JAMES

RYE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND.

June 10, 1904.

DEAR SIR:

I much regret my being able to participate only in that spirit of sympathy that makes light of distance—that defies difference of latitude and hemisphere—in the honours you are paying, at his birthplace, to the beautiful genius to whom Salem owes the most precious gift perhaps that an honest city may receive from one of her sons—the gift of a literary association high enough in character to emerge thus brilliantly from the test of Time. How happily it has lasted for you, and *why* it has lasted—this flower of romantic art, never to become a mere desiccated specimen, that Hawthorne interwove with your sturdy annals,— I shall attempt, by your leave, briefly to say; but your civic pride is at any rate fortunate in being able to found your claim to have contributed to the things of the mind on a case and a career so eminent and so interesting. The spirit of such occasions is always, on the spot, communicative and irresistible ; full of the amenity of each man's—and I suppose still more of each woman's—scarce distinguishing, in the general friendliness, between the *loan* of enthusiasm and the gift, between the sound that starts the echo and the echo that comes back from the

sound. But being present by projection of the mind, present afar off and under another sky, *that* has its advantages too—for other distinctions, for lucidity of vision and a sense of the reasons of things. The career commemorated may perhaps so be looked at, over a firm rest, as through the telescope that fixes it, even to intensity, and helps it to become, as we say, objective—and objective not strictly to cold criticism, but to admiration and wonder themselves, and even, in a degree, to a certain tenderness of envy. The earlier scene, now smothered in flowers and eloquence and music, possibly hangs before one rather more, under this perspective, in *all* its parts—with its relation, unconscious at the time, to the rare mind that had been planted in it as in a parent soil, and with the relation of that mind to its own preoccupied state, to the scene itself as enveloping and suggesting medium: a relation, this latter, to come to consciousness always so much sooner, so much more nervously, so much more expressively, than the other! By which I mean that there is, unfortunately for the prospective celebrity, no short cut possible, on the part of his fellow-townsmen, to the expensive holiday they are keeping in reserve for his name. It is there, all the while—somewhere in the air at least, even while he lives; but they cannot get *at* it till the Fates have forced, one by one, all the locks of all the doors and crooked passages that shut it off; and the celebrity meantime, by good luck, can have little idea what is missing.

I at all events almost venture to say that, save for the pleasure of your company, save for that community of demonstration which is certainly a joy in itself, I could not wish to be better placed than at this distance for a vision of the lonely young man that Hawthorne then was, and that he was in fact pretty well always to remain,

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dreaming his dreams, nursing his imagination, feeling his way, leading his life, intellectual, personal, economic, in the place that Salem then was, and becoming, unwittingly and unsuspectedly, with an absence of calculation fairly precious for the final effect, the pretext for the kind of recognition you greet him with to-day. It is the addition of all the limitations and depressions and difficulties of genius that makes always—with the factor of Time thrown in—the sum total of posthumous glory. We see, at the end of the backward vista, the restless unclassified artist pursue the *immediate*, the pressing need of the hour, the question he is not to come home to his possibly uninspiring hearth-stone without having met—we see him chase it, none too confidently, through quite familiar, *too* familiar streets, round well-worn corners that don't trip it up for him, or into dull doorways that fail to catch and hold it; and then we see, at the other end of the century, these same streets and corners and doorways, these quiet familiarities, the stones he trod, the objects he touched, the air he breathed, positively and all impatiently *waiting* to bestow their reward, to measure him out success, in the great, in the almost superfluous, abundance of the eventual! This general quest that Hawthorne comes back to us out of the old sunny and shady Salem, the blissfully homogeneous community of the forties and fifties, as urged to by his particular, and very individual, sense of life, is that of man's relation to his environment seen on the side that we call, for our best convenience, the romantic side: a term that we half the time, nowadays, comfortably escape the challenge to define precisely because "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of the Seven Gables" have made that possible to us under cover of mere triumphant reference to them. That is why, to my sense,

our author's Salem years and Salem impressions are so interesting a part of his development. It was while they lasted, it was to all appearance under their suggestion, that the romantic spirit in him learned to expand with that right and beautiful felicity that was to make him one of its rarest representatives. Salem had the good-fortune to assist him, betimes, to this charming discrimination—that of looking for romance near at hand, and where it grows thick and true, rather than on the other side of the globe and in the Dictionary of Dates. We see it, nowadays, more and more, inquired and bargained for in places and times that are strange and indigestible to us; and for the most part, I think, we see those who deal in it on these terms come back from their harvest with their hands smelling, under their brave leather gauntlets, or royal rings, or whatever, of the plain domestic blackberry, the homeliest growth of our actual dusty waysides. These adventurers bring home, in general, simply what they have taken with them, the mechanical, at best the pedantic, view of the list of romantic properties. The country of romance has been for them but a particular spot on the map, coloured blue or red or yellow—they have to *take* it from the map; or has been this, that or the other particular set of complications, machinations, coincidences or escapes, this, that or the other fashion of fire-arm or cutlass, cock of hat, frizzle of wig, violence of scuffle or sound of expletive: mere accidents and outward patches, all, of the engaging mystery—no more of its essence than the brass band at a restaurant is of the essence of the dinner. What was admirable and instinctive in Hawthorne was that he saw the quaintness or the weirdness, the interest *behind* the interest, of things, as continuous with the very life we are leading, or that we were leading—you, at Salem, certain-

ly were leading—round about him and under his eyes ; saw it as something deeply within us, not as something infinitely disconnected from us ; saw it in short in the very application of the spectator's, the poet's mood, in the kind of reflection the things we know best and see oftenest may make in our minds. So it is that such things as "The Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance," "The Marble Faun," are singularly fruitful examples of the real as distinguished from the artificial romantic note. Here "the light that never was on land or sea" keeps all the intimacy and yet adds all the wonder. In the first two of the books I have named, especially, the author has read the romantic effect into the most usual and contemporary things—arriving by it at a success that, in the Seven Gables perhaps supremely, is a marvel of the free-playing, yet ever unerring, never falsifying instinct. We have an ancient gentlewoman reduced to keep a shop ; a young photographer modestly invoking fortune ; a full-fed, wine-flushed "prominent citizen" asleep in his chair ; a weak-minded bachelor spending his life under the shadow of an early fault that has not been in the least heroic ; a fresh New England girl of the happy complexion of thousands of others—we have, thrown together, but these gently-persuasive challenges to mystification, yet with the result that they transport us to a world in which, as in that of Tennyson's Lotus-Eaters, it seems always afternoon. And somehow this very freedom of the spell remains all the while truth to the objects observed—truth to the very Salem in which the vision was born. Blithedale is scarcely less fine a case of distinction conferred, the curiosity and anxiety dear to the reader purchased, not by a shower of counterfeit notes, simulating munificence, but by that artistic economy which understands *values* and uses them.

The book takes up the parti-coloured, angular, audible, traceable Real, the New England earnest, aspiring, reforming Real, scattered in a few frame-houses over a few stony fields, and so invests and colours it, makes it rich and strange—and simply by finding a felicitous *tone* for it—that its characters and images remain for us curious winged creatures preserved in the purest amber of the imagination.

All of which leads me back to what I said, to begin with, about our romancer's having borne the test of Time. I mentioned that there is a reason, in particular, why he has borne it so well, and I think you will recognize with me, in the light of what I have tried to say, that he has done so by very simply, quietly, slowly and steadily, becoming for us a Classic. If we look at the real meaning of our celebration to-day, ask ourselves what is at the back of our heads or in the bottom of our hearts about it, we become conscious of that interesting process and eloquent plea of the years on Hawthorne's behalf—of that great benefit, that effect of benevolence, for him, from so many of the things the years have brought. We are in the presence thus of one of the happiest opportunities to see how a Classic comes into being, how three such things as the *Scarlet Letter*, the *Gables* and *Blithedale*—to choose only a few names where I might choose many—acquire their final value. They acquire it, in a large measure, by the manner in which later developments have worked in respect to them—and, it is scarce too much to say, acquire it in spite of themselves and by the action of better machinery than their authors could have set in motion, stronger (as well as longer!) wires than their authors could have pulled. Later developments, I think, have worked in respect to them by *contrast*—that is the point—so much more either than by a generous emulation or by

a still more generous originality. They have operated to make the beauty—the other beauty—delicate and noble, to throw the distinction into relief. The scene has changed and everything with it—the pitch, and the tone, and the quantity, and the quality, above all; reverberations are gained, but proportions are lost; the distracted Muse herself stops her ears and shuts her eyes: the brazen trumpet has so done its best to deafen us to the fiddle-string. But to the fiddle-string we nevertheless return; it sounds, for our sense, with the slightest lull of the general noise—such a lull as, for reflection, for taste, a little even for criticism, and much, certainly, for a legitimate complacency, our present occasion beneficently makes. Then it is that such a mystery as that of the genius we commemorate may appear a perfect example of the truth that the state of being a classic is a *comparative* state—considerably, generously, even when blindly, brought about, for the author on whom the crown alights, by the generations, the multitudes worshipping other gods, that have followed him. He must obviously have been in himself exquisite and right, but it is not to that only, to being in himself exquisite and right, that any man ever was so fortunate as to owe the supreme distinction. He owes it more or less, at the best, to the *relief* in which some happy, some charming combination of accidents has placed his intrinsic value. This combination, in our own time, has been the contagion of the form that we may, for convenience, and perhaps, as regards much of it, even for compliment, call the journalistic—so pervasive, so ubiquitous, so unprecedentedly prosperous, so wonderful for outward agility, but so unfavourable, even so fatal, to development from within. Hawthorne saw it—and it saw him—but in its infancy, before these days of huge and easy and immediate success, before

LETTER FROM HENRY JAMES

the universal, the overwhelming triumph of the monster. He *had* developed from within—as to feeling, as to form, as to sincerity and character. So it is, as I say, that he enjoys his relief, and that we are thrown back, by the sense of difference, on his free possession of himself. He lent himself, of course, to his dignity—by the way the serious, in him, flowered into the grace of art; but our need of him, almost quite alone as he stands, in one tray of the scales of Justice, would add, if this were necessary, to the earnestness of our wish to see that he be undisturbed there. Vigilance, in the matter, however, assuredly, is happily not necessary! The grand sign of being a classic is that when you have “passed,” as they say at examinations, you have passed; you have become one once for all; you have taken your degree and may be left to the light and the ages.

HENRY JAMES.

HON. ROBERT S. RANTOUL.

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

From a photograph by Brady, taken at Washington, D. C., about 1862-3, now
in the Collection of Americana of Frederick H. Messerve
of New York City

AN APPRECIATION OF HAWTHORNE

BY ANDREW LANG

A hundred years after the birth of an author, the world of letters knows whether he is to be reckoned among the classics of his native language. A century has passed since Nathaniel Hawthorne was born, and, as to his claims to being a classic of the art of Fiction in English, there cannot be a doubt. He lived in an age remarked for its great writers, many of them novelists. Of these, how many maintain, or have even increased, like Hawthorne, the measure of repute which they received in their life-time? Hawthorne was but ten years old when *Waverley* appeared, and made Fiction the popular art of the century. Before Hawthorne was thirty, Fenimore Cooper first gave to Europe the assurance of an American novelist. At this time Hawthorne had written his early tales, and remained "the obscurest man of letters" in his own country, so he said, though, if he had done no more, every critic of ordinary sense would now recognize the presence of more than promise, of great and original qualities, in his *Twice Told Tales*. But, by reason of his own modesty, his *Scarlet Letter* did not appear till 1850, when he was older than Scott was at the date of the publication of *Waverley*. Good trees have seldom borne good first fruits so late, but the fruits are imperishable. Of his contemporaries, in his art, it may be said that none but Thack-

eray, Dickens, Poe, and perhaps Charlotte Brontë, have that enduring excellence which marks the classic as distinguished from the favorite of a year, or a few years.

Hawthorne's motive was the old Puritan sense of sin, the old Puritan certainty and solemnity about Life, Death, and Judgment,—removed out of the region of religion and ethics into the region of art. The worm that never dies gnaws the hearts of his protagonists in *The Scarlet Letter*, a man and a woman of passionate pleasure-loving natures; the woman strong; the man weak, but entirely isolated, and lonely in the stern commonwealth where Fate has brought them: apart from their neighbours as much as if they were witches or Red Indians. This kind of motive pervades the shorter tales, as if Hawthorne were expiating, in art, the forgotten sins of unremembered ancestors.

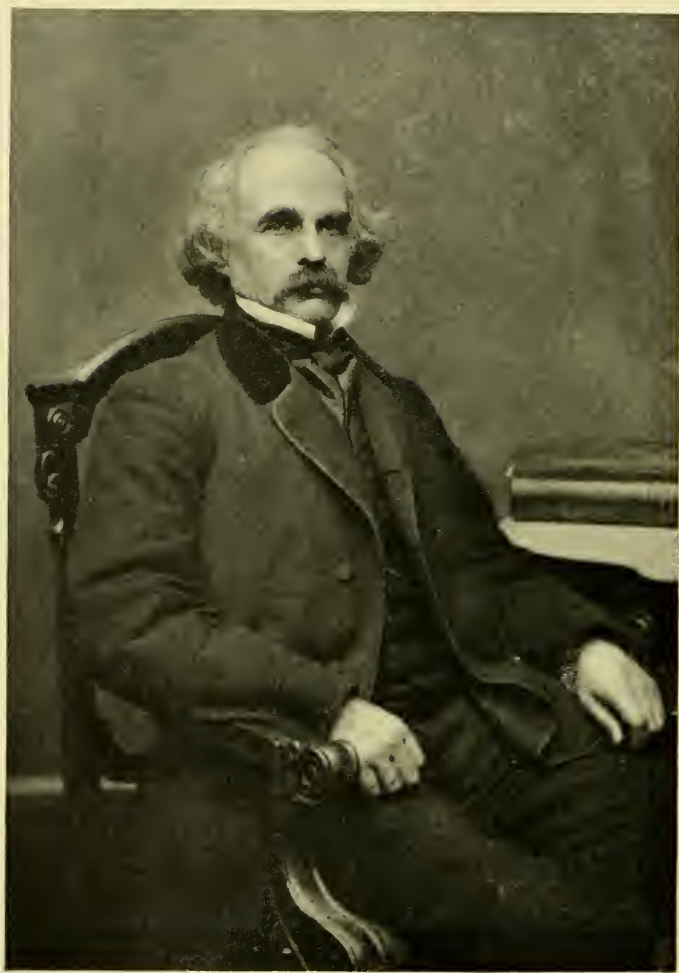
The moment had come when the sense of sin could thus be disengaged, and used as material of fiction, as Lockhart, a descendant of Covenanters, used it, with oddly similar effect, in *Adam Blair*. A soft gloom, not without a rich glow of autumnal colour, pervades the atmosphere of the genius of Hawthorne. The child Pearl leaps and grimaces in the glow of gold and scarlet from her mother's brand of shame. The darkness of a world lying in sin and the terror of witchcraft surround this elfin child of genius, as the musty stillness of the *House of the Seven Gables* shrouds the waning beauty of Clifford; as the darkness of the Catacombs encircles the joyous Faun, and the enigmatic Miriam. For effects of twilight-shades with a spot of glowing light and colour, the art of Hawthorne resembles that of Rembrandt, but the colours are deeper, richer, more glorious. Other novelists work in the light and dark of common day; not so Hawthorne, who is so great

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

From the photograph by Brady, taken at Washington, D. C., about 1862-3, now in the Collection of Americana of Frederick H. Messerve of New York City.

a colourist that one naturally thinks of him in the terms of the art of painting. His atmospheric effects appear more memorable than his characters, so many of them are creatures of allegory, like Miriam and Hilda, rather than portraits from real life, like Judge Pyncheon. There were, though few remember it, originals for Miriam, and for the cloaked shape from the Catacombs who haunts her, and who left, in fact, a distinct stain on the *noblesse* of France. A hideous tragedy of actual existence created the gloom that swallows up Donatello, just as the "dark backward" of Puritanism frames the lovers of the *Scarlet Letter*.

In England, Hawthorne might have found "atmosphere" enough: the State Trials, he said, presented him with some fifty plots for novels. But he was prematurely fatigued; he did not make the best of both hemispheres. Yet he left plots and ideas enough for a generation of novelists in his note books, as a great artist leaves his boxes of colours. There is nobody who can mix and use them: none to blend them on the canvas. Hawthorne was absolutely unique, and it may not be premature to say that he was the greatest of the great generation of American men of letters which numbered among its children Poe, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier and Holmes. His worldly reward was not great, but he gained "the immortal crown that is to be run for, not without heat and dust". He was a master of Romance, and of Romance of a new kind, which no age shall see revived or re-created; he was "The Great Magician" of the West. He dwelt, and brought us to dwell in a kingdom magical of his own, and the key to that realm is given forever "to the Kelpie's keeping."

AN ESTIMATE OF HAWTHORNE

BY DOCTOR ANTON E. SCHÖNBACH
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GRATZ

“ I think the marked superiority of Hawthorne’s works consists in the combination of thorough, accurate, psychological development of characters and problems with clearest objectivity and a sane and happy modern realism. This gives rise, incidentally, to a delicate, subtile humor, sometimes hidden simply in an adjective or a little phrase which throws a soft and hopeful light on the saddest situation. Not the least of the qualities which I admire in him is the charm of his diction, its purity, its melody, its graceful plasticity, the rich vocabulary, the elegance which only rarely shows the marks of revision. Next to George Eliot, or rather with her, Hawthorne is the first English prose writer of the nineteenth century. At the same time, however, he has lost none of his peculiar American individuality. Not only when he penetrates into the most secret and inmost emotions of the life of old colonial days as no other has done, and portrays the spirit of his ancestors with a strength of intuition as no historical writer could do, but in all his other writings, from the biography of General Pierce to the Marble Faun, Hawthorne shows the vigor and the keenness, the precision and the clearness and the other qualities of American literature which cannot yet be exactly defined. He is its best representative.”

AN ESTIMATE OF HAWTHORNE

Such was my decision on concluding a study of Nathaniel Hawthorne which was later (1900) published in a volume of my Essays (pp. 270-347). To-day I may add that the development of American literature during the last decade proves more and more conclusively that Nathaniel Hawthorne is its chief patron. The need of the Americans to find in fiction relief from the terribly irritating stress and strain of daily life makes them follow with delight the bold flights of an imagination which escapes the bounds of reality, wilder flights than Hawthorne in his most fanciful moments ever dared. But, besides, there exists in the modern narrative literature of the United States the fully justified endeavor to understand and to appreciate soberly the reality of life, to seek to introduce it into fiction, together with the continually widening horizon of the American people, as a manifest picture of the universe. If, together with that, North America's novels and romances to-day prove themselves the rightful heirs of her principal writer of fiction, a distant and calm observer can wish for the great nation on the other side of the ocean nothing better at the centenary of Nathaniel Hawthorne than that, from the pure morals and lofty idealism of this man, a strong and austere breath of fresh life may ever be wafted through the American literature of the future.

LETTER FROM J. M. BARRIE

LEINSTER CORNER,
LANCASTER GATE, W.
5 Dec., 1903.

DEAR MR. RANTOUL:

I have very pleasant memories of that visit to Salem and of the hospitalities you showed us on that occasion. I make no doubt that Hawthorne is your greatest man of letters,—I mean America's—and the ground he trod must always be hallowed ground to all who love the immortal in literature. When you honor his centenary I shall be there in mind,—among the thousands,—all with our hats off.

Yours sincerely,
J. M. BARRIE.

LETTER FROM MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

HOTEL D'ILENA, PARIS.
May thirtieth, 1904.

MY DEAR MR. RANTOUL:

You are very kind to ask me, at this distance, to assist in the celebration of Hawthorne's memory,—and I wish that I might do so. But your letter finds me when it is too late to be just to the occasion, even were that at any time possible for me.

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

From the photograph by Brady, taken at Washington, D. C., about 1862-3,
now in the Collection of Americana of Frederick H. Messerve,
New York City.

LETTER FROM MRS. SPOFFORD

Knowing Hawthorne, although but slightly, through my husband's friendship with him, I have felt that personally, as well as in his work, he held more of the Divine breath than has been given to other Immortals,—or, at any rate, of a wholly different quality. For he was absolutely unique. His genius might have a rival in that of the creator of Sintram and Undine, if it were not for the magnetic charm of a subtle and evasive humor that plays through its gloom like sparks in ashes, and makes it individual. He was a creature of the dark, mysterious north, where it is night half the year, and whose wizardry is more than that against which his forbears fought. In him the smouldering ember of witchcraft burnt at last to a flame whose spirit was that of the shifting, evanescent but everlasting, lustre of the aurora.

I know that you feel, as all the people of our County do, that it is a proud day for old Essex when she honors the memory of this man who walked half unknown in her borders, but who sheds on her beloved fame a new glory.

With repeated thanks for the kindness of your letter, dear Mr. Rantoul, believe me

Cordially your neighbor,

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

HON. ROBERT S. RANTOUL.

LETTER FROM DONALD GRANT MITCHELL

EDGEWOOD,
21st June, 1904.

MY DEAR SIR :

I beg to acknowledge, with thanks, your courteous invitation for Thursday, 23rd inst., and though unable to attend, I cannot forbear expressing my deepest sympathy with the Commemorative purposes of your Institute. Pray count me among the sincerest admirers of your great townsman, whose fame has taken on a quality—so large, so fixed, and so fine—that no celebration can extend or brighten it.

Very cordially yours,
DON^D G. MITCHELL.

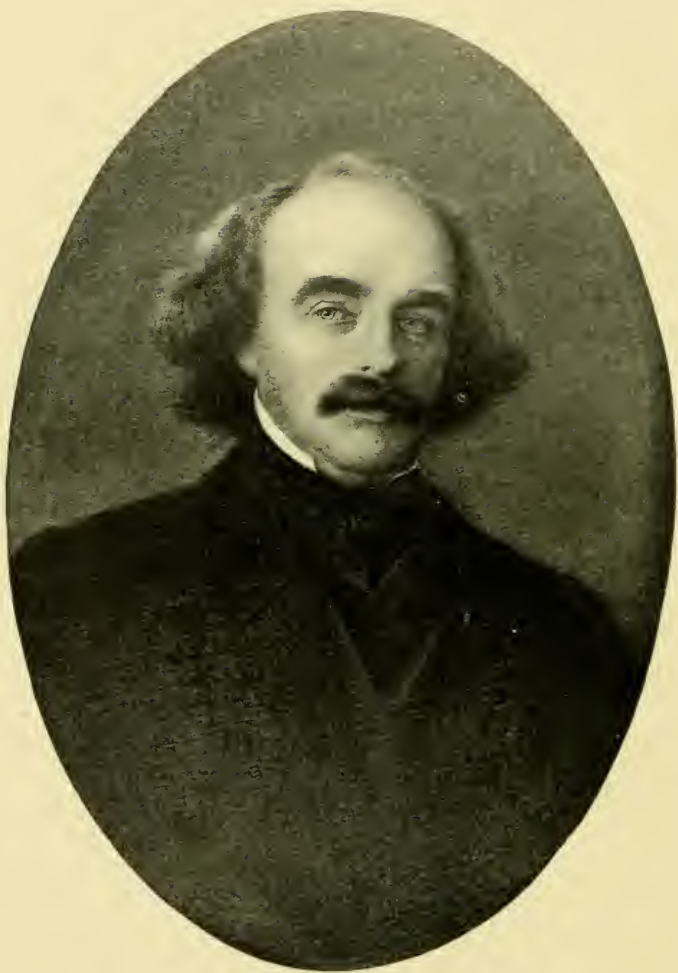
TO THE SECRETARY ;
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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

From the portrait painted by Emanuel Leutze in April, 1862, now in
possession of Prof. Henry F. Osborn,
New York City.

LETTER

FROM EDMUND C. STEDMAN*

Lawrence Park, Bronxville, N. Y.

May 18, 1904.

MY DEAR SIR :

. . . The fact is that I am embarrassed by my inability to add anything to the tribute which I paid to the genius of Hawthorne before the Phi Beta Kappa Chapter of Harvard in 1877. That production was so near my heart that I made it the title-piece of a little volume published in the ensuing Autumn. Before your letter arrived I had two invitations to join in Hawthorne observances in other towns, and had replied that I must be excused. Of course a request from Salem would be to me far more compulsive. But I cannot be with you in person on the poetic and significant occasion for which you are preparing.

When my tribute was delivered, there were present, on the stage of the Sanders Theatre, Emerson—then passing into the cloud—Longfellow—Whittier—Holmes—Lowell, who spoke afterwards at the Phi Beta Kappa Dinner—the whole New England pleiad, as you see. And I never forgot the face of Rose Hawthorne, then in all her young sentiment and beauty, as she listened to me from the audience. No! I cannot add to my metrical utterance concerning Hawthorne, but I am grateful for your invitation,

*From the many letters received in connection with the Centennial, the following have been selected for preservation in this Report.

LETTER

and I am glad that the City forever associated with his genius will not fall below her obligations and her fame on the approaching centenary.

I am with respect,

Very truly yours,

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

HON. ROBERT S. RANTOUL.

Turning to this fine heart-tribute—the Phi Beta Kappa Poem—we find the great enchanter apostrophized as :

The one New-Englander! Upon whose page
Thine offspring still are animate, and move
Adown thy paths, a quaint and stately throng :
Grave men of God who made the olden law,
Fair maidens, meet for love,—
All living types that to the coast belong
Since Carver from the prow thy headlands saw.

* * *

Two natures in him strove
Like day with night, his sunshine and his gloom.
To him the stern forefathers' creed descended,
The weight of some inexorable Jove
Prejudging from the cradle to the tomb ;
But therewithal the lightsome laughter blended
Of that Arcadian sweetness undismayed
Which finds in Love its law, and graces still
The rood, the penitential symbol worn,—
Which sees, beyond the shade,
The Naiad nymph of every rippling rill,
And hears quick Fancy wind her wilful horn.

* * *

FROM EDMUND C. STEDMAN

But he whose quickened eye
Saw through New England's life her inmost spirit,—

Her heart and all the stays on which it leant,—
Returns not, since he laid the pencil by
Whose mystic touch none other shall inherit!

What though its work unfinished lies? Half-bent
The rainbow's arch fades out in upper air;

The shining cataract half-way down the height
Breaks into mist; the haunting strain, that fell

On listeners unaware,
Ends incomplete, but through the starry night
The ear still waits for what it did not tell.

LETTER

FROM WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

York Harbor, Maine.

July 15, 1904.

DEAR MR. RANTOUL:

· · · Mr. Crothers, I thought, gave the most interesting analysis of Hawthorne's religious position; indeed, his essay seems to me to be the best that the Centenary has called out. I was glad that he showed the radical difference between Calvinism and the moral world which Hawthorne describes. May the old confusion, which made Hawthorne the interpreter of Puritanism, never be revived.

· · · If I had written or spoken on Hawthorne, I should have laid great stress on what seems to me to have been his rarest gift—his art. Among all the master novelists of the nineteenth century he and Turgueneff alone can be compared to the Greeks for the beauty, symmetry, compactness and finish of their work. *The Scarlet Letter* is a small volume—how small when you put it beside *Les Misérables* or *David Copperfield* or *Vanity Fair*—but it is complete. It has nothing superfluous: it lacks nothing. Other masters of fiction have certainly equalled Hawthorne in many qualities,—some of them have talents which he did not possess. His art-criticism was uncultivated (witness his exaltation of Story's Cleopatra) but often illuminating; his intuitive genius served him in place of acquired information, as in his power to

LETTER FROM WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

divine the influence of the Church of Rome on Hilda ; and his descriptions of Roman scenes and of Italian landscapes have not been matched by any or all the hosts of word-painters who have tried their hand at that work in the past fifty years. But he, in possessing this transcendent gift of artistic perfection, stands apart among modern writers of fiction in English. This gift most deserves to be studied, and to be imitated,—so far as genius can be imitated,—for the tendency of our age is towards diffuseness, the substitution of many words for *few* thoughts, the mistaking of the casual for the essential.

It is this in Hawthorne to which too much attention can never be called, and I shall be glad if the renewed interest in him which the Centenary has kindled may have the result of leading more of our younger writers to follow his example.

Let me tell you how much I enjoyed the Celebration, which was worthy of the genius whom Salem bore and the whole English-speaking world honors.

. Ever very truly yours,

WM. R. THAYER.

HON. R. S. RANTOUL.

LETTER

FROM MRS. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD

Newton Centre, Mass.

June 24th., 1904.

MY DEAR SIR :

Will you be so kind as to convey to the managers of the Hawthorne Celebration my sincere regret that I was forced to be silent at the occasion which did honor to his memory yesterday?

I received an invitation however to express my sympathy with the anniversary. It came when I was too ill to pay attention to it, and when I became able to do so, it had disappeared, and—I suppose—has never even been acknowledged. I could not so much as identify the occasion and it was not until I read of the success of your celebration that I was able to answer at all—not knowing before where to answer, or what the matter was which I had been unfortunately obliged to neglect. It can do no good now, except to console my own consciousness of a pleasure missed to write and tell you now profoundly I honor the genius of Salem's great citizen. Hawthorne has no superiors if any equals in American fiction, and it is an honor to any writer of our lesser and lighter day to do honor to his memory.

I am Sir,

Very truly yours,

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

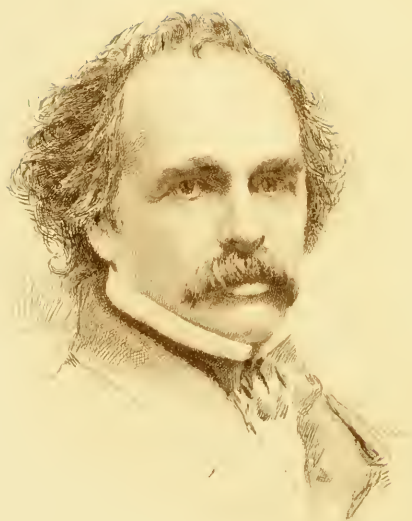
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AN ACCOUNT
OF THE FIRST REUNION OF THE DESCENDANTS OF
MAJOR WILLIAM, AND JOHN HATHORNE HELD
AT SALEM, MASS., JUNE 23, 1904

The Hathorne Family, descendants of Major William and of John Hathorne, held its first reunion in the Parish House of the Second Church at Salem, in the forenoon of June 23, 1904, under the auspices of the Old Planters' Society.

The Honorable Henry C. Leach, in behalf of that Society, called the gathering to order at half past ten, and said :

As Chairman of a committee appointed by the Old Planters' Society it is my pleasant duty to preside over this gathering of the descendants of William and John Hathorne who have accepted our invitation to unite in Commemorative Services to be held to-day, under the direction of the Essex Institute, in honor of the birth of your illustrious kinsman Nathaniel Hawthorne, one hundred years ago. It was thought by the Committee who have honored me by placing me in this position, that no more fitting time or place could be found in which the kinsmen of Nathaniel Hawthorne might arrange for a Hawthorne Family Organization, than in this City of his birth and on the hundredth anniversary of that event.

It seemed also fitting that you should receive from the President of the Old Planters' Society, and from the President of the Essex Institute, both of them lineal

THE FIRST REUNION OF THE DESCENDANTS

descendants of the earliest Puritan founders of Massachusetts, a cordial welcome to this gathering, to the exercises of the day, and to the city of Salem.

Mr. Leach then presented Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, President of the Old Planters' Society.

Col. Higginson said that he had a right to welcome the Hathornes to Salem for his ancestors were here before them, and the Reverend Francis Higginson, who landed here in 1629, and gave the place its present name, received a grant of land on Salem Neck, and his son, the Reverend John, preached here for fifty years, and lies buried in the Bradstreet tomb in Charter Street. There were business relations and land transfers between the Higginsons and the Hathornes. Both families had borne an honorable share in founding and building up the wonderful commerce of Salem's golden age, and the famous ship-masters who made Salem known in two wars and in half a century of peace counted among them both Higginsons and Hathornes. But the Hathornes needed no welcome to Salem. They had enjoyed the freedom of the town in their own right too long to need anybody's welcome. He wished them every success in their reunion.

The Chair then presented Mr. Rantoul to speak for the Essex Institute. The speaker said that Hawthorne had one rare quality which, he thought, should be more generally noted and commended, and it might be called the literary, or æsthetic, or artistic conscience that he was endowed with,—a lofty, ideal standard of possible quality in his work, which would not permit him to slight it,—to which his loyalty was absolute,—which made it impossible for him to part with a sheet of his manuscript so long as there was a chance of improving what he had written on it. No pressure of affairs, no untoward surroundings, no exigent

demands, furnished to Hawthorne's mind an excuse for anything short of supreme effort towards perfecting whatever left his hands. And the statement somewhere made that he burned three times as much finished manuscript as he ever printed, was probably within the fact.

The spelling of the name, the speaker said, seemed to be a stumbling-block to some people. The name has been spelled in this Country,—Mr. Waters finds that it has been spelled in the old Country,—in its earlier as well as in its later usage, Hawthorne, Hauthorne, Horthorne, Harthorne, Hathorne; and so on, with or without the final "e" indifferently. Of the final "e" no account need be taken. Hathorne has been the common spelling in this neighborhood. Hawthorne is as early a variation of the name as any yet found, and when the Romancer, at some date later than March 30, 1826,—for on that date he scratched his name "Hathorne" with a diamond ring on a window pane of the old Herbert Street Chamber,—when the Romancer finally adopted the form "Hawthorne," it was rather in the way of restoration or revival than of innovation or a new departure.

The name has been variously sounded. If *WA-ter* spells water, why may not *HA-thorne* be sounded Hawthorne? The common sound of the name hereabouts has been *Hath-orne* and *Har-thorne*. But these changes in sound and spelling have no significance in a period when there was no common standard at hand to which everybody could refer,—no dictionary, no daily press,—when a rude phonetic system prevailed and, as has been wittily said, "the spelling of the English language was a matter of private judgment." My own name, said the speaker, has been variously sounded, and it is spelled "*Rentall*," in September, 1793, in Col. Benjamin Pickman's account of

THE FIRST REUNION OF THE DESCENDANTS

Essex street in Salem. Other instances are familiar. Crowninshield was Grunsell within a century, and in earlier years Poindexter became Pudeator, and Blancpied became Blumpy.

Somewhere and at some time the name had an origin or derivation. It is highly probable that the family derived its name from the name of the tree. This gathering would seem to show that the Hawthorn Tree was a green and vigorous family-tree to be derived from. But how came the tree or bush known as "Hawthorn" to bear a name formed of just that combination of letters? The lexicographers say that the name of the tree or bush is a compound of the word "thorn" with a word derived from a Saxon or Dutch or Danish root from which the word "hedge" is also formed. Hawthorn, they suppose, was merely the name of a thorn-bush anciently as well as now used in hedging.

But the spelling of the tree-name is as erratic as is that of the family name. In a very ancient ballad entitled "A merey Ballet of the Hathorne Tre," in Child's Collection of old English verse, occur these lines :

" It was a maide of my Countrè,
" As she cam by a hathorne-tre,"

And Chaucer, in his "Knight's Tale," of about A. D. 1387, has these lines :

" To maken him a gerlond of the greves,
" Were it of wodebind or of Hawthorn leves."

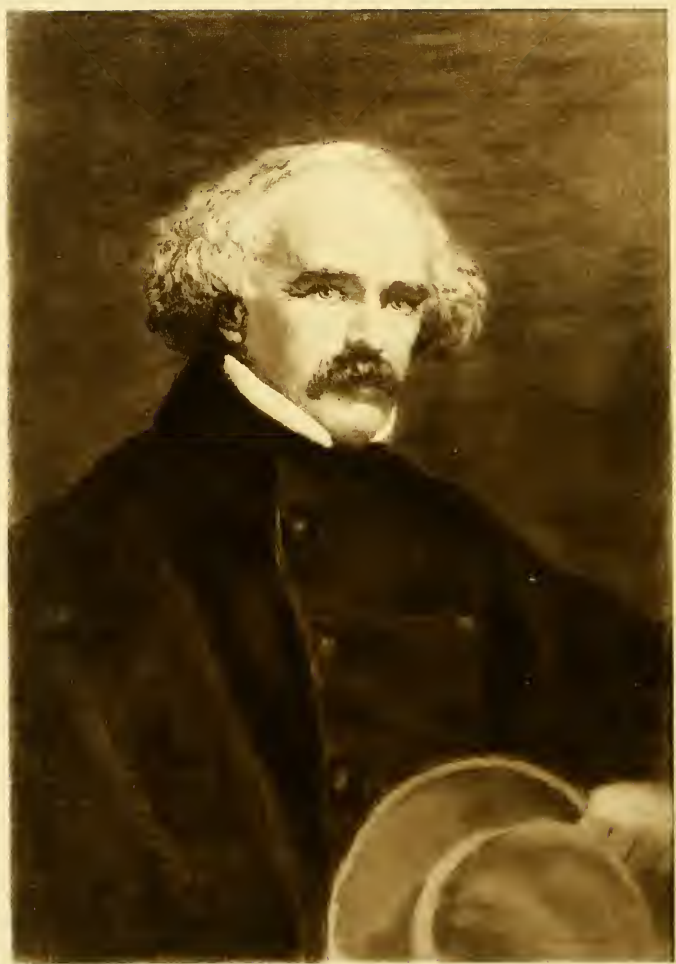
But I ought not, the speaker said, to take more of your time, for I want you to be able to visit and inspect thoroughly the Institute's collection of Hawthorne relics, the like of which will never be seen again.

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The Chairman called on Henry F. Waters for some remarks and he said :

After the literary treat of which you have partaken with such evident pleasure now comes the contribution of the Dry-as-dust,—the antiquary,—the delver among musty records, whose function it is, on this occasion, to present to you certain plain facts as evidence bearing upon the problem of the English ancestry of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Up to the time of my first visit to England in 1879 we had no actual knowledge of the parentage or place of nativity of Major William Hathorne, the ancestor of the Salem line of this family, and his brother John Hathorne, the progenitor of the Lynn branch. I had seen once or twice, in print, a statement made, based upon no recognized good authority and unfortified by any evidence, that the "family seat" (so-called) was in Wiltshire, England. But I had also found, what was far more important, the evidence that they had a brother Robert living in Bray, in old England, and that our Lieut. Richard Davenport was a brother-in-law by marriage with a sister of theirs. A Bill of Exchange, dated 19: 10: 1651, for one hundred pounds, was drawn by William Hawthorne of Salem on a Mr. Robert Hathorne payable "at Mr. John Winche's on Ludgate hill London," and in an Account Current it was referred to as a "Bill of Exchange on my brother, paid by Mr. Winch." There was also a letter from Robert to his brother William ending thus :

" Good brother,—remember my love to my sister, my brother John and sister, my brother Davenport and my sister and the rest of our friends.

" In hast I rest

" Your loueing brother

" ROBERT HATHORNE.

THE FIRST REUNION OF THE DESCENDANTS

“From Bray this 1 Aprill, 1653.”

Endorsed—“To your very Loueing Friend Wm. Hathorne” and directed “ffor Mr. Tinker at Mr. William Willsheer’s house, Ironmunger, in Bredstreet in London. To his loueing brother Mr. William Hathorne at Salem in New England deliver this.”

These important bits of information may be found in the New-England Historical and Genealogical Register, Vol. XII, page 295, and Vol. XXIX, page 112. Besides this I had examined the records in the County Court House in Salem and found enough to lead to the hypothesis that the “brother Davenport” mentioned in the letter was Richard Davenport, who was of Salem until 1642, when he removed to Boston, being appointed Captain of the Castle there, as we are told by Savage, and who was killed by lightning, 15 July, 1665.

Armed with the above information I began my researches in London more than a quarter of a century ago. My search was by no means exhaustive, for the name of Hathorne was only one of the many names of the first settlers that I was bearing in mind and I simply took down such notes as seemed to me likely to bear upon the ancestry of any one of them whenever I came across them in the course of my rather random but very extensive reading, chiefly of Probate records there. I found sundry Hathornes connected with London and with Berkshire (not Wiltshire) mostly. Among them was a John Hathorne, citizen and carpenter of London, whose will, of 26 June, was proved 23 November, 1577. He mentioned the church of Great All Hallows, Thames Street,—wife Elizabeth, &c, and appointed as her overseers Christopher Swaldell and William Hathorne, citizens and barber-surgeons of London. The

will of William Hathorne, citizen and barber-surgeon of London, made 9 October, was proved 16 October, 1582. He wished his body to be buried in the church of St. Michael near Queenhithe, where he was a parishioner, and left the bulk of his estate to wife Elizabeth and his children, Christopher, Susan and Judith; if these should all die without issue then to the children of brother Robert (equally). Separate bequests to William Hathorne, son of brother Robert, and the rest of Robert's children (not named), to the widow Starr, the widow Dove, and a brother-in-law, Thomas Horton. The will of Christopher, only son of the foregoing, was made 1 October, 1603, and proved 28 July, 1604. His body to be buried in the church of St. Michael at Queenhithe. He names a sister Elizabeth,—Peter West, son-in-law of William Bond,—sundry children of John Horton,—sister Mrs. Horton,—a son of uncle Anthony Culverwell,—and appoints as executrix his mother Elizabeth, now the wife of William Furtho, grocer.

These notes I saved on account of the given names Robert and William, leaving it for further research to show whether they were at all related to our William and his brother Robert. The next will which I shall give is more significant.

Richard Hawthorne of the parish of St. Lawrence, Waltham, Berkshire, yeoman; will dated 24 October, 1644, proved 15 January, 1644 (my hearers will bear in mind that March was then the first month in the year); to elder son Richard, land in Bray; two younger sons, Thomas and Robert; three daughters, Jane, Mary and Elizabeth; wife Katherine; land in Bray bought of brother William Hawthorne. Here we have again the names Robert and William and in connection too with the parish of Bray.

THE FIRST REUNION OF THE DESCENDANTS

We are evidently growing warmer in our hunt. The next will is equally interesting.

Edmund Hathorne of London; will of 15 June, proved 26 June, 1652; mother Sara; brothers Robert and Nathaniel; a tenement in Bray, Berkshire.

Thus far I had reached in my first visit to London in 1879. When I went over again in 1883, under a general commission to look up the English ancestry of all our early settlers, a task to which I devoted about fifteen years of rather strenuous labor, I bore in mind, of course, the Hathorne quest. It was then that I made note of the will of Robert Hathorne, the elder, of the parish of Bray, in Berkshire, yeoman, dated 15 February, 1689, and proved 16 February, 1691. He left all his estate to his son Robert, the younger, of Bray. Here we have doubtless the "brother Robert" on whom was drawn that Bill of Exchange. Later I found the two following wills.

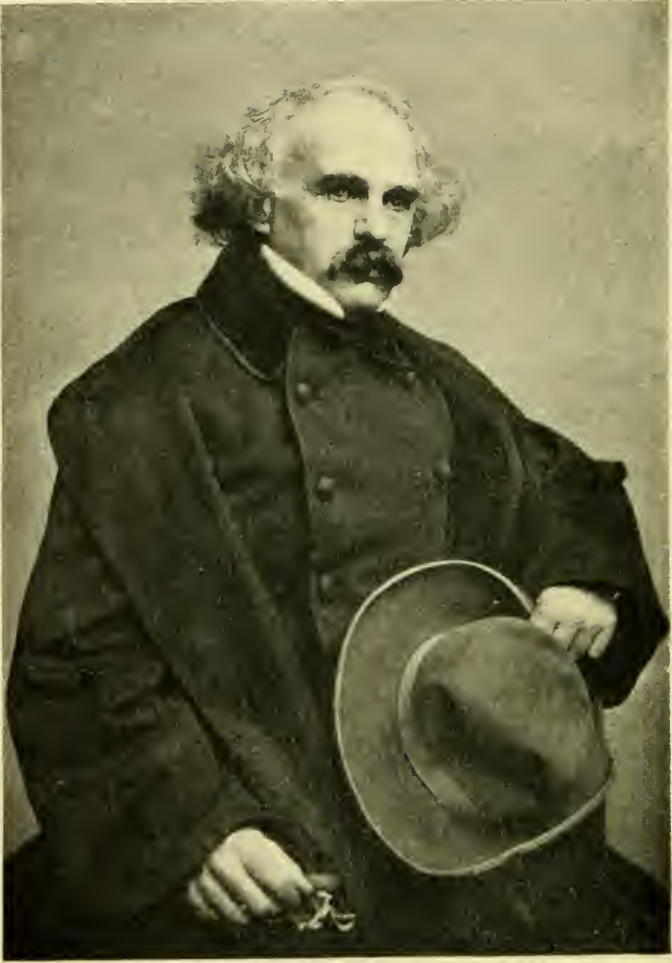
William Hathorne of Binfield, in Berkshire, yeoman; will made 18 May, 1650, proved 2 May, 1651; the poor of Binfield; to son Robert all that my messuage or tenement in Bray in said County, now in the tenure of my brother-in-law John Lawrence, and other lands and buildings there (described, some of it butting upon Oakely Green), one of the parcels called "Bishop's Cloase," a cottage, &c., lately in the tenure of Richard Braiser, &c., upon condition the said Robert pay to testator's eldest son William one hundred pounds within two years &c., and to son John twenty pounds within three years, &c.; further, to son John twenty pounds if he be living, otherwise to his wife and children, within one year, &c. To son Nathaniel twenty pounds in money; to younger son Edmond thirty acres and more in Bray, he to pay my daughter Elizabeth, the wife of Mr. Richard Davenport, forty pounds

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

From a photograph, taken about 1863, by Silsbee, Case & Co., Boston, now in possession of Miss M. S. Devereux, Barrowsville, Mass.

within two years, &c.; daughter Anne, the wife of Hugh Smith, and her daughter Elizabeth; Robert, Sara, Anne and Katherine, the children of my son-in-law Philip Lee; the residue to wife Sara who is to be sole executrix; witnesses, John Sowthey *als* Hayle, Thomas Dyer, Robert Sowthey *als* Hayle.

Will of Sara Hathorne of Binfield, Berks; widow, dated 5 September, 1655, and proved by Nathaniel Hathorne, son and sole executor, 14 March, 1655; to the poor of Binfield; certain household goods to son Robert and to daughter Anne, wife of Hugh Smith; bequests to two grandchildren, Anne and Katherine Lee; other grandchildren, Sara Hathorne, Elizabeth Hathorne, Susanna Hathorne, Nathaniel Hathorne, William Smith and Elizabeth Smith; late servant, Anne Middleton; residue to son Nathaniel who is to be sole executor; witnesses, John Yonges and Henry Otwaie.

These two, William and Sara Hathorne of Binfield, must surely have been the parents of Major William Hathorne of Salem, John Hathorne of Lynn and Elizabeth the wife of Captain Davenport. We find that, besides the brother Robert of whom we already knew, they had a brother Nathaniel who was living in England at the time of his mother's death, another brother Edmond, who died during his mother's widowhood and whose will we have noticed, besides a sister Anne, the wife of Hugh Smith, and another sister, wife of Philip Lee. This Philip Lee made his will 18 August, 1654, proved 31 August, 1654; he styles himself of Binfield, Berkshire, gentleman; mentions son Robert, daughters Sara, Anne and Katherine Lee, a freehold estate in Bluberry, Berks., and brothers-in-law Robert and Nathaniel Hathorne whom he appoints executors.

THE FIRST REUNION OF THE DESCENDANTS

Then I found another will which was worth notice, that of Nathaniel Hathorne of Cookham in Berkshire, gentleman, made 27 September, 1652, and proved 29 July, 1654, by his relict and executrix, Martha Hathorne, to whom he bequeathes eight hundred pounds in lieu of her jointure and thirds; he held the manor of South Bruham in Somersetshire and estates in Devonshire, Somersetshire and Berkshire; he names four brothers-in-law, Thomas Loggins and John, Ralphe and Thomas Whistler, gentlemen; "my three own sisters," Elizabeth, Mary and Anne, and John Laurence the husband of Anne; son-in-law William Mattingley and Jone his wife; kinsman William Eldridge and Judith his wife; Anne Winche the wife of my nephew John Winch; nephew William Winche; the poor of Cookham and South Bruham; wife Martha to be sole executrix, and two loving kinsmen, Dr. Daniel Whistler of Gresham College and John Whinche of London, haberdasher, to be overseers; one of the witnesses was a John Hathorne.

This will adds to our knowledge of the family. The testator must have been a brother of William Hathorne of Binfield and uncle of our New England Hathornes, and he also gives the baptismal names of three aunts of theirs, one of them the wife of the John Lawrence mentioned in their father's will. Moreover he refers to a nephew John Winch, who was probably the same man at whose house that Bill of Exchange was made payable.

We have thus opened up for our Salem and Lynn Hathornes quite a family connection in old England, and all the evidence seems to point to Binfield and Bray and their neighborhood in the North Eastern part of Berkshire, close to Windsor Forest and Park, as their English home. I found also sundry other wills, now in the keeping of my

friend Mr. Lothrop Withington, in London, and not yet published, which disclosed successive generations of Hathornes living in Winkfield, a neighboring parish to Binfield. From a "History and Antiquities of the Hundred of Bray," by Charles Kerry, London, 1861, I learned that there was a Manor of Cruchfields and Hawthorne; that a William Hathorne was one of the tenants of Queen Lease in the Manor of Bray, in 1650. In the "Rentall of the Manor of Bray" for that year, William Hathorne is charged one pound per annum for all lands holden of the manor; Thomas Hathorne is charged three shillings; the heirs of Robert Hathorne, five shillings and William Hawthorne, jr., five pence. In the "Assert Rent of Bray," 1658, under the title "Oakley" I find Robert Hawthorne, for house and lands, six shillings and four pence, Thomas Hathorne (ditto) three shillings three pence half penny, and Henery Hawthorne, for lands, seven shillings. William Hawthorne was one of the church wardens in Bray, A. D. 1600. In 1609 he was appointed by Sir John Norris one of eight trustees of a Charity then by him established for the relief of poor, impotent and aged persons within the parish. In 1621 William Hawthorne and Thomas Westcott, the surviving trustees, associated with themselves eight other substantial inhabitants of the parish as feoffees in trust, &c. In 1657 it appears that Thomas Wilcox was the surviving trustee. It seems reasonable to infer that this church warden and trustee was the father of our Major William Hathorne.

From Court Rolls and other authentic sources it appears that a John Hathorne died, 1520, leaving Henry his son and heir, who died, 1531, leaving Roger his son and heir. In 1535, a field of Thomas Hothorne adjoined the one held by John Bysshop in Crychefeld. In 1533, Thomas

THE FIRST REUNION OF THE DESCENDANTS

Hothorne was appointed collector for the lands Byssshop held, called "Chaunters," by yearly rent of twenty shillings nine pence. A William Hothorn died, 1538, leaving William his son and heir. One of the Hathornes married Anne, daughter of Gilbert Loggins, *circa* 1605. This must have been Major Hathorne's uncle Nathaniel who named in his will a brother-in-law Thomas Loggins, and it gives us the name of his first wife. His last wife was probably a Whistler. I saw other notices of the name which I will not now rehearse. On page 110, I noted "The Legend of Hawthorn," which narrates the finding of two pots of gold on Hawthorn Hill near Cruchfield. Pity that our own Nathaniel did not know of this Legend.

Fuller, in his "Worthies of England," tells us that "Bray is a village well known in Barkshire; the vivacious Vicar whereof, living under King H. the VIIIth, King Edw. the VIth, Qu. Mary and Qu. Elizth. was first a papist, then a protestant, then a papist, then a protestant again. This Vicar, being taxed by one for being a turncoat, 'Not so' (said he) 'for I have always kept my principle; which is this, to live and die Vicar of Bray.'" To this Fuller adds "such are men now-a-days, who though they cannot turn the wind they turn their mills and set them so that, wheresouever it bloweth their grist should certainly be ground." This "Vivacious Vicar" was undoubtedly well known to Major Hathorne's father or grandfather.

It is not known who Major Hathorne's wife was, except that her baptismal name was Anne. I saved the following will on the chance of its turning out to relate to her family:

Richard Smith of St. Dunstan's in the West, London, Cook; will dated 13 January, 1660, proved 17 January,

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

From a copy, by A. C. Mackintire of Salem, made about 1891, of a photograph probably taken in Boston about 1862-3, now in possession of the Essex Institute Salem, Mass.

1661; to be buried in the parish church; wife Joane; brother John Smith; to my sister Ann Hawthorne five acres in the possession of John Alley, butcher, of the yearly value of five pounds, for her natural life, &c; then to her two sons John and Nathaniel Hawthorne equally; brother John Smith's sons Samuel (eldest) and Richard; to William Hawthorne, son of Anne Hawthorne, my sister, the reversion of one pightle, called Leachrye or Tan-house pightle, containing by estimation three acres, in the possession of John Vincent; loving sister Mary Holloway and the heirs of her body, loving sister Rachel Horton and the heirs of her body, the children of John Topping begotten upon the body of my sister Prudence; leases of two houses in Chancery Lane; loving friend Mr. Robert Hawe of Wokeingham; the poor of the town and parish of Wokeingham; lands, &c., in Wokeingham, Berkshire; Mr. Sedgwick, without Temple Bar; brother John Smith to be executor and Richard Palmer of Wokeingham, Esq. to be overseer, George Chapman a witness. Wokeingham, or Wokingham, it should be observed, is southwest from Binfield and only about three miles away. It looks as if this were the home of Major Hathorne's wife. If so it certainly adds to the interest which attaches to this region as the English home of our Hathorne family. A careful examination of the parish registers and other records should be made in order to get further information about the family.

The Hawthornes sprang from the yeomanry like most of our early New England settlers. I believe there never was a more even and homogeneous community, hardly any one of them occupying a very high position in England and very few indeed of the lowest class; the vast majority of them belonged to what would now be called the great

THE FIRST REUNION OF THE DESCENDANTS

Middle Class of Englishmen, but was better styled then the Yeomanry of England. And it should be always borne in mind that the Colony at first was a Company, under a Charter, having all the rights and privileges which any of the great Companies of London possessed, among which was the power of selection of its members who attained membership and were made free of its privileges only after a careful scrutiny into their standing in the community and their reputation and consideration among their neighbors in respect to ability, character and moral worth as well as their religious opinions. In short they were picked men, for the most part, so that Mr. William Stoughton could truly say, in an Election Sermon, delivered in 1668, "God sifted a whole nation in order that he might send choice grain into the wilderness." They were of the plain, God-fearing people, a slip cut right out of the heart of the best English stock, when at its healthiest and soundest,—brought over and struck into a new soil, under new conditions, such as would be sure to develop a vigorous, healthy, hardy plant. It is to such a people that we largely owe the establishment on firm foundations of this union of self-governing commonwealths which appeals to the judgment of mankind as the wisest and most perfect form of political organization yet devised to bind together great communities comprehending "all sorts and conditions of men," dominated by various interests, influenced by differing temperaments, inheriting different traditions, and widely distributed over a vast area possessing divers climatic conditions and physical characteristics, a political type and model for all the world, an example set to mankind of individual freedom and equality under law. Here at last is Opportunity, offered equally to all; here each may develop his peculiar talent and make manifest his

special worth; here man becomes Man for the first time in history, freed from the shackles or hindrances to growth which were forged by caste and ancient customs,—the clogs imposed by tradition, convention and privilege. Here too should be exemplified Fraternity, that logical complement of Liberty and Equality; these together constituting the goal towards which mankind is surely tending; and it will be here exemplified if only we prove faithful to the ideal set forth in the Declaration of Independence propounded by men who showed themselves, by that act, to be the wisest and greatest of their time, since, in so doing, they set up a standard for all mankind eventually to accept as a rule of life politically. If, here or there, some faint heart pronounces it a “glittering generality” or “an impossible dogma and a rhetorical phrase” he only proclaims himself a “craven weakling,” a man who has lost for a time his faith in eternal right and justice. As well declare impossible the Golden Rule, accepted by Christendom as the law of righteous living for the individual man, because, for sooth, a vast number of professing Christians do not wholly, as yet, square their lives according to its teachings. The ideal is still before us and will be forever, because it is the revelation of an everlasting truth and in our inmost consciences we *know* that it is possible. It is for us so to manage the affairs of the republic as best to illustrate that ideal, and not, because of pessimistic lack of faith, to reject it. That will only lead to spiritual death and, sooner or later, to moral rottenness, to material decay; and at the end there will be one more added to the number of lost empires. Once realize fully what this republic means to humanity and patriotism will cease to show itself in ebullitions of vain glory, in silly, brutal boastings about physical might or

THE FIRST REUNION OF THE DESCENDANTS

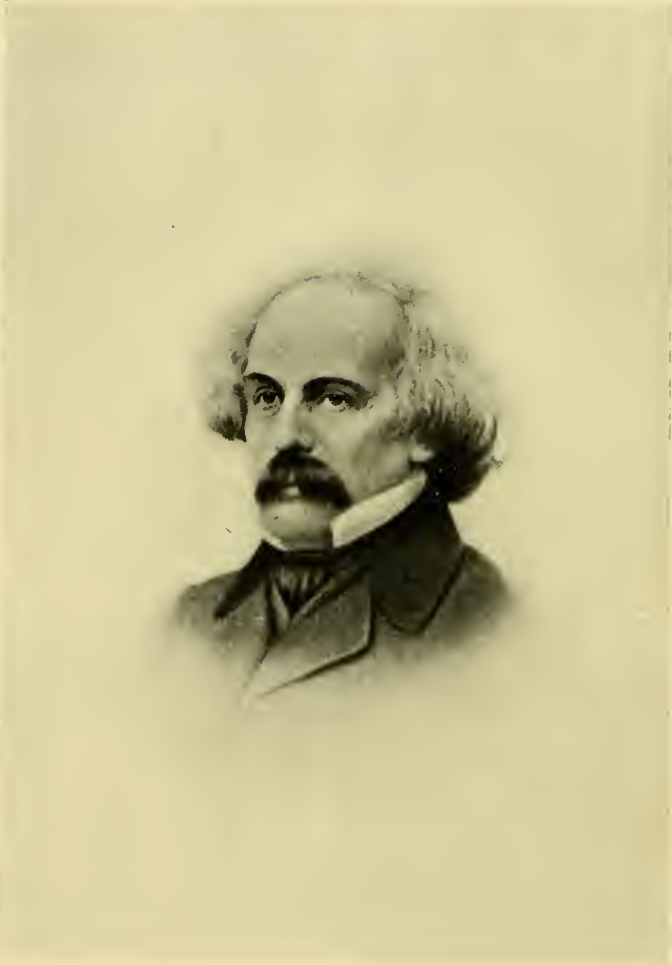
material wealth, for it will have merged into something infinitely finer and greater, becoming one and the same with love of all mankind, a realizing sense of the brotherhood of man. Then men will arrive at the consciousness of what constitutes the real greatness of a nation and will see that the true "world power" is the benign and ever widening influence of a lofty example in righteous living, whether in man or nation.

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

From a photograph taken at Warren's Studio, Boston, about 1862-3, now in possession of Mrs. Richard C. Manning, Salem, Mass.

A LIST OF SOUVENIRS
OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
EXHIBITED AT THE ESSEX INSTITUTE IN CONNECTION
WITH THE HAWTHORNE CENTENNIAL, THE
PROPERTY OF THE INSTITUTE WHEN
NOT OTHERWISE DESIGNATED

PORTRAITS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

Nathaniel Hawthorne. Oil portrait painted by Charles Osgood, in 1840.

Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. Crayon portrait drawn by Eastman H. Johnson, in 1846.

Loaned by Miss Alice M. Longfellow.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. Carbon photograph of the oil portrait painted by George P. A. Healy, in 1850 and now in the possession of Kirk Pierce, Esq.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. Oil portrait by Miss H. Frances Osborne, after a photograph by Silsbee, Case & Co., Boston.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. Crayon portrait drawn by Samuel W. Rowse, in 1866.

Loaned by Mrs. Annie Fields.

A LIST OF SOUVENIRS

Nathaniel Hawthorne. Plaster copy of the bust in the Concord (Mass.) Public Library, by Miss Louisa Lander.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. Engraving after the portrait painted in 1850, by Cephas G. Thompson. This framed engraving was formerly in the possession of Hon. David Roberts, a personal friend of Hawthorne.

Loaned by Hon. Henry C. Leach.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. The Grolier Club bronze medallion made in 1892, by Ringel d'Illzach.

Loaned by B. W. Pierson.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. Cabinet photograph, bust, by Elliott and Fry, London.

Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. Card photograph, full length, seated, with book in right hand, by Black and Case, Boston.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. Cabinet photograph, three-quarter length, standing beside a pillar, copy by Mackintire of the original photograph.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. Card photograph, three-quarter length, seated, from Warren's Photographic Studio, Boston. Also framed photographic enlargement of the same.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. Card photograph, bust, by Brady, New York, with autographic signature.

Loaned by Hon. Henry C. Leach.

OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Nathaniel Hawthorne. Card photograph, bust, from
Warren's Photographic Studio, Boston.

Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. Two photographs of engraved
portraits.

Captain Nathaniel Hathorne, father of the Romancer. Pho-
tographic copy of the etched portrait by S. A. Schoff.

Sophia Amelia (Peabody), wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne.
Card photograph, copy, by W. L. Bradley, Boston,
having a border of flowers painted in water-colors by
Rose Hawthorne.

Loaned by the Misses Manning.

Sophia Amelia (Peabody), wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne.
Etching by S. A. Schoff.

Una Hawthorne, daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Two
tintypes, bust.

Loaned by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Una Hawthorne. Card photograph, bust, by Elliott and
Fry, London.

Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

Una Hawthorne. Card photograph, bust, made in January,
1875, by J. J. Hawes, Boston.

Loaned by the Misses Manning.

Una and Rose, daughters of Nathaniel Hawthorne.
Cabinet photograph, three-quarter length, by Elliott
and Fry, London.

Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

A LIST OF SOUVENIRS

Una Hawthorne. Tintype, bust.

Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

Julian, Una, and Rose, children of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Card photograph, full-length, as children, by Silsbee,
Case & Co., Boston.

Loaned by the Misses Manning.

Julian Hawthorne, son of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Card
photograph, bust, by Humblot, Dresden.

Loaned by the Misses Manning.

Julian Hawthorne. Cabinet photograph, bust, from
"Vander Weyde Light Studio," London.

Loaned by Mrs. Nathan D. Appleton.

Julian Hawthorne. Cabinet photograph, three-quarter
length, seated, by Tuohy & Co., Richmond, S. W.,
England.

Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

Elizabeth Hawthorne, sister of Nathaniel Hawthorne.
Tintype, bust.

Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

Elizabeth Hawthorne. Tintype, bust, with lock of her
hair, in a frame.

Loaned by the Misses Philbrick.

George Parsons Lathrop, who married Rose Hawthorne.
Cabinet photograph, three-quarter length, seated, by
Notman & Campbell, Boston.

Loaned by Mrs. Nathan D. Appleton.

OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Mrs. Simon Forrester, aunt of Nathaniel Hawthorne.
Photograph of the painting by James Frothingham.

Loaned by Miss Marian S. Devereux.

Robert Manning's house at Raymond, Maine, where Hawthorne lived in 1816. Photograph taken in 1890.

The Birthplace of Hawthorne, 27 Union Street, Salem, showing the Manning house at the rear.

The Birthplace of Hawthorne. View of northern end.

Corner of the room in which Nathaniel Hawthorne was born.

The Manning house, 10 1/2 and 12 Herbert Street, Salem, showing the end window of Hawthorne's room in the third story.

"The Grimshawe House," 53 Charter Street, Salem.

Residence of Nathaniel Hawthorne, 18 Chestnut Street, Salem.

Residence of Nathaniel Hawthorne, 14 Mall Street, Salem.

Study in the Mall Street house where the "Scarlet Letter" was written.

"Room over the Sitting Room" in the Mall Street house.

"The House of the Seven Gables," so called, 54 Turner Street, Salem. Together with three views of the interior.

Residence of Nathaniel Hawthorne, 26 Dearborn Street (present number), Salem.

A LIST OF SOUVENIRS

"The Witch House," Salem, showing a "Town Pump."
Pencil drawing by E. C. Cabot, made in 1841.

The First Meeting-House, Salem, showing at the right
"The Town Pump," and "The Main Street" passing
the Meeting-House at the left. Scene of "Endecott
and the Red Cross." Pencil drawing by M. H.
Ward, made in 1827.

The Salem Custom House. Photograph made in 1855.

Hawthorne's room at the Salem Custom House. Photo-
graph made in 1891.

Loaned by A. Frank Hitchings.

The grave-stone of "Surveyor Pue," St. Peter's church-
yard, Salem. Photograph made in 1903.

Grave-stone, in the Charter Street Burying Ground, of
John Hathorne, the Witchcraft Judge, an ancestor
of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Photograph made in 1903.

"The War Summons," an incident of the "War of the
Roses." Oil painting by George Leslie, R. A. Pre-
sented by him to the Essex Institute as a tribute to
the genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS AND MANUSCRIPTS

Four autograph letters of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Loaned by the Misses Manning.

Salem, Dec. 9, 1813. To his uncle Robert Manning, Salem, Mass.

His foot is no better. Sister Louisa is better and has begun to go to school. His mother intends sending for Dr. Kittridge as Dr. Barstow's treatment has not helped the foot. It is four weeks yesterday since he went to school. Has been out in the office two or three times and once hopped into the street.

Raymond [Maine], Mar. 24, 1819. To his uncle Robert Manning, Salem, Mass.

Hopes his uncle has arrived safely at the end of his journey. Mr. Tarbox and his wife were frozen to death the previous Wednesday. The bodies were brought from the Cape and buried from Capt. Dingley's on Sunday. The snow going very fast. The writing paper cost two cents a sheet. Is going to Portland at noon with Mr. Leach.

On the same sheet is a letter from his mother to her sister-in-law, Mary Manning. Is sorry to trouble her to have another gown made for Elizabeth (Hawthorne's sister), who thinks it cannot be made save in Salem. Wishes to have it fashionably made and cut longer than the silk gown left at Salem.

Raymond [Maine], May 16, 1819. To his uncle Robert Manning, Salem, Mass.

The grass and trees are green, the fences finished and the garden planted. Two of the goats are on the island and the other kept for the milk. Has shot a partridge and a hen-hawk and caught eighteen large trout. Is sorry that his uncle intends sending him to school again. His mother can hardly spare him. Nothing heard of Dr. Brown. Expect he is lost in the woods.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS AND MANUSCRIPTS

Salem, Aug. 15, 1820. To his uncle Robert Manning, Raymond, Maine.

Hopes his uncle has arrived safely. The sloop in which the dog is to sail has not gone. "Watch is afflicted with a difficulty of breathing, owing I am afraid to his excessive eating." The first volume of the *Analectic* is returned. "The Register has bestowed much praise, but *no* reward besides upon you." Louisa is going to see the Temple of Industry in the evening.

Fifty-two autograph letters, of Nathaniel Hawthorne and others.

Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

Salem, July 26, 1819. To his uncle Robert Manning, Raymond, Maine.

Has begun to go to school and can find no fault except "It's not dear enough, only five dollars a quarter, and not near enough, for it is up by the Baptist Meeting House." Sometimes has bad fits of homesickness. "There is a pot of excellent guaver jelly now in the house and one of preserved limes and I am afraid they will mould if you do not come soon for it's esteemed sacrilege by Grandmother to eat any of them now because she is keeping them against somebody is sick and I suppose she would be very much disappointed if everybody was to continue well and they were to spoil."

Salem, Mar. 7, 1820. To his mother, Raymond, Maine.

Has left school and begun to fit for college under Benjamin L. Oliver, lawyer. Is very homesick, "shall you want me to be a Minister, Doctor, or Lawyer? A Minister I will not be." "Oh how I wish I was again with you, with nothing to do but to go a gunning. But the happiest days of my life are gone."

Salem, Mar. 21, 1820. To his sister Louisa, Raymond, Maine.

Hopes mother will not wear a cap. Thinks it will look horribly. Longs for his gun. "Wish that I could again savagize with you."

Salem, Mar. 28, 1820. To his mother, Raymond, Maine. Went to Boston on Saturday. Expects soon to go to the theatre.

OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Hopes that his gun still remains in the closet. Uncle Robert is going to Raymond in the chaise when the travelling improves.

Salem, May 2, 1820. To his uncle Robert Manning, Raymond, Maine.

Training day. Is going to the theatre the next day. "My gun has a very large charge in it, and I guess it will kick." Sleeps very comfortably alone.

Salem, July 25, 1820. To his mother, Raymond, Maine.

"Louisa seems to be quite full of her dancing acquirements. She is continually putting on very stately airs, and making curtsies." Mr. Dike's schooner has arrived.

Salem, Sept. 26, 1820. To his mother, Raymond, Maine.

"I am at present a man of many occupations. I study Greek in the Forenoon and write for Uncle William in the Afternoon for which I receive one dollar a week. Uncle William intends to give me a new Suit of Clothes. I was happy to hear that Uncle Richard had arrived to the high station of Justice of Peace. Though he is lame yet he outstrips all of his Brothers."

Salem, Oct. 31, 1820. To his mother, Raymond, Maine.

Uncle Robert wishes her to send to Mr. Coburn's for three bundles of trees and bushes. Uncle Robert has promised to take him to Raymond, the next time he goes. Has not seen his mother for nearly a year. Continues to write for Uncle William.

On the same sheet is a letter to his sister Elizabeth. Is angry because she has not sent some of her poetry,—“a great piece of Ingratitude.” Admires Godwin's novels and has read all of Scott's. “I have almost giving up writing poetry. No Man can be a Poet & a Book Keeper at the same time.”

Salem, May 29, 1821. To his mother, Raymond, Maine.

“Please ask Uncle Robert where I am to procure my Greek and Latin books, now that the Constitution of the Stage Company is altered.” Can send but one of the Palladium's. Have not had the others.

Salem, June 19, 1821. To his mother, Raymond, Maine.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS AND MANUSCRIPTS

"Uncle William has given Elizabeth a Leghorn Bonnet, of the moderate price of 15 Dollars. It is so large that the most piercing eye cannot discover her beneath it." Hopes his mother will not return to Salem to live.

Salem, Aug. 28, 1821. To his mother, Raymond, Maine.

"Mr. Oliver says I will get into College, therefore Uncle Robert need be under no apprehensions." Hopes that nothing will prevent him from visiting Raymond in January. Probably the last letter to be written from Salem.

Brunswick, Me., Oct. 9, 1821. To his uncle William Manning, Salem, Mass.

Has entered college. His chum is the son of the Hon. Mr. Mason of Portsmouth. Is boarding at Professor Newman's. College laws are not strict and is not studying so hard as at Salem.

Brunswick, Oct. 17, 1821. To his mother, Raymond Maine.

Will need money at the end of the term. Is contented and finds college a much pleasanter place than he expected. Has not heard from Salem since leaving.

Brunswick, Oct. 30, 1821. To his mother, Raymond, Maine.

Is living in great harmony with his chum. Would like some money. Will not need a feather bed. Vacation begins December 19th.

Brunswick, Nov. 13, 1821. To his mother, Raymond, Maine.

Has been unwell with the measles. Needs money for the Doctor who visited five times and supplied medicines.

Brunswick, Dec. 4, 1821. To his uncle Robert Manning [Salem, Mass.].

Has received his letter enclosing ten dollars and has paid the Doctor's bill. "I hope you will call for me, for I long to get home."

Brunswick, May 1, 1822. To his mother, Raymond, Maine.

OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Vacation will commence May 8th and needs money to go home by stage. Has received a watch "with which I am well pleased, and cut a great dash."

Brunswick, May 29, 1822. William Allen, President of Bowdoin College, to Mrs. Elizabeth C. Hathorne, Salem, Mass.

Announces that her son has been fined fifty cents for playing cards for money, probably influenced by a fellow student, since dismissed, and requests that she admonish her son.

Brunswick, May 30, 1822. Nathaniel Hathorne to his mother, Salem, Mass.

Hopes for her safe arrival at Salem. The card players at college have been found out "my unfortunate self among the number." "I have not played at all this term. I have not drank any kind of spirit of wine this term, and shall not till the last week."

Brunswick, Aug. 5, 1822. To his sister Elizabeth, Salem, Mass.

Exchanges compliments because of her rebuke at the shortness and infrequency of his letters. The President's letter not so severe as expected. Finds Hume's History of England "abominably dull." Is a member of the Athenæum Society and borrows books from its library of eight hundred volumes.

Brunswick, Aug. 12, 1823. To his uncle —.

Acknowledges receipt of money. Has heard that a steamboat plys between Portland and Boston and would like to go home that way "if Mother has no apprehensions of the boiler's bursting." Has had much to do. Writes a theme, or essay, of three or four pages, every fortnight.

Brunswick, July 14, 1825. To his sister —.

"I am not very well pleased with Mr. Dike's report of me. The family had before conceived most too high an opinion of my talents, and had probably formed expectations, which I shall never realize. I have thought much upon the subject, and have finally come to the conclusion, that I shall never make a distinguished figure in the world, and all I hope or wish is to plod along with the multitude."

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS AND MANUSCRIPTS

"The President called me to his study, and informed me that though my rank in the class entitled me to a part, yet it was contrary to the laws to give me one, on account of my neglect of Declamation. . . . I am perfectly satisfied with this arrangement, as it is a sufficient testimony of my scholarship, while it saves me the mortification of making my appearance in public at Commencement."

Burlington, Vt., Sept. 16, 1832. Nathaniel Hawthorne to his mother, Salem, Mass.

Has arrived in safety, having passed through the White Hills, stopping at Ethan Crawford's house, and climbing Mt. Washington. Is not decided as to his future course. Has no intention of going into Canada. Has heard that cholera is prevalent in Boston.

Boston, Jan. 21, 1836. To his sister Louisa, Salem, Mass.

Is busy with agents, clerks, engravers, stereotype printers, etc. Boards at Thomas G. Fessenden's, 53 Hancock street, and is pleasantly situated. Asks if his sister Elizabeth has concocted anything [for the American magazine] and requests her to make extracts of whatever she thinks suitable. Has the run of the [Boston] Athenæum but is not allowed to take out books.

Boston, Jan. 25, 1836. To his sister Elizabeth [Salem, Mass.].

"I make nothing of writing a history or biography before dinner." "Daniel Webster drinks, and is notoriously immoral; he is enormously in debt (one man having endorsed \$100,000. for him) and altogether a disreputable character,—so say the Whigs." "My worshipful self is a very famous man in London—the Athenæum having noticed all my articles in the last Token, with long extracts."

[Boston], Feb. 4th [1836]. An unsigned note to his sister [Louisa].

Asks that Elizabeth finish her life of Hamilton. "I have set these wretches to work upon his head, also Jefferson—each to fill about 4 pages."

Boston, Feb. 10, 1836. To his sister Elizabeth, Salem, Mass.

Does all his writing and other business at his room and not at the Company's office. Has "copy" enough to make up the next number.

OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Requests her to write a biographical sketch of Jefferson to fill four magazine pages. Such work does not suit him. "In regard to ordinary biographical subject, my way is to take some old magazine and make an abstract—you can't think how easy it is."

Boston, Feb. 15, 1836. To his sister Louisa, Salem, Mass.

Is in urgent need of money. Now over a month since leaving Salem and received not a cent, except five dollars borrowed from uncle Robert, and out of which paid stage fare, etc. "I came here trusting to Goodrich's positive promise to pay me 45 dollars as soon as I arrived; and he has kept promising from [one] day to another, till I do not see that he means to pay me at all. I have now broke off all intercourse with him, and never think of going near him. . . . I defy him to get another to do for a thousand dollars what I do for 500; and further more, I have no doubt that Goodrich was authorized to give me 600. He made the best bargain with me he could, and a hard bargain too." "It is well that I have enough to do; or I should have had the blues most damnably here; for of course I have no amusement. My present stock is precisely 34 cents. . . . All that I have spent in Boston, except for absolute necessities, has been 9 cents in the first day I came —6 for a glass of wine and three for a cigar."

[Boston], Mar. 3, 1836. An unsigned note to his sister Louisa, Salem, Mass.

Requests that Elizabeth send "some original poetry—and other concoctions." The magazine will be out in a day or two.

An undated and unsigned note to sister Louisa.

"Read this infernal Magazine and send me your criticisms. To me it appears very dull and respectable—almost worthy of Mr. Bradford himself." The next issue is within ten pages of being completed. "I could not go to meeting to-day, because I had but one clean shirt, which I was afraid to expend till tomorrow, and so I staid at home and wrote a dissertation on the Tower of Babel."

Boston, Mar. 23, 1836. To his sister Elizabeth, Salem, Mass.

The press was in need of the biography of Hamilton and so was obliged to finish it himself. "You should not make quotations; but

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS AND MANUSCRIPTS

put other people's thoughts into your own words and amalgamate the whole into a mass." "Those ridiculous Gazette people were in such a hurry to puff me that they puffed poor Mr. Bradford. They could not possibly have seen the March number when that notice was inserted."

An undated and unsigned note to his sister [Elizabeth].

"I have been applied to to write a man's travels in Texas, Mexico, and the Devil knows where, but declined on account of my numerous avocations."

Boston, May 5, 1836. To his sister Elizabeth, Salem, Mass.

"I saw Mr. Goodrich yesterday, and he told me, that he was going to reply to Paul Benjamin's criticisms, in to-day's Courier. I looked at the Courier before breakfast this morning; and lo and behold! the ridiculous man had written a whole column against the editor of the American Magazine. I have a good mind to hit him a poke in my turn, to teach him not to commit such blunders in future. He wants me to undertake a Universal History, to contain almost as much matter as 50 or 60 pages of the magazine. If you are willing to write any part of it (which I should think you ought now that it is warm weather) I shall agree to it."

[Boston], May 12, [1836]. An unsigned note to his sister Elizabeth.

"Our pay as Historians of the Universe, will be 100 dollars, the whole of which you may have. It is a poor compensation, yet better than the Token; because the kind of writing is so much less difficult."

Portland, July 1, 1837. An unsigned and unaddressed note.

In relation to conveyances of land of Richard Manning, deceased.

Concord, July 10, 1842. To his sister Louisa, Salem, Mass.

"The execution took place yesterday. [His marriage to Sophia Amelia Peabody.] We made a Christian end, and came straight to Paradise, where we abide at this present writing. We are as happy

OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

as people can be, without making themselves ridiculous, and might be even happier ; but, as a matter of taste, we choose to stop short at this point."

Concord, Aug. 15, 1842. To his sister Louisa, Salem, Mass.

Conveys to her Mrs. Hillard's invitation to spend the night at 54 Pinckney street, while on her way to Concord and urges her to accept the courtesy.

Concord, Oct. 12, 1842. To his sister Louisa, Salem, Mass.

Has just received her letter announcing the death of uncle Robert Manning and regrets his inability to be present at the funeral. "Believe me (not the less because I seldom say it) your loving brother."

Concord, Nov. 28, 1842. To his sister Louisa, Salem, Mass.

"I shall not get the Salem Post-office. If Rantoul gains his election to Congress, he will get it for Woodbury—otherwise Foote will not be removed. Nevertheless, I am promised something satisfactory in the course of six months or so." "We have a Lyceum here, and I have been invited to lecture. Of course, I did not hesitate a moment to accept. Wonderful to say, I attended the first lecture, which was by Mr. Emerson."

Concord, Mar. 3, 1844. To his sister Louisa, Salem, Mass.

Announces the birth of a daughter, at 9.30 o'clock that morning. "I have not yet seen the baby. Mrs. Peabody says it is *lovely*. Dr. Bartlett has the audacity to say that it looks like him, and has *red* hair." "P.S. We had a name ready—Una! Is not it pretty? Una Hawthorne! Una Hawthorne !! It is very pretty."

Cambridge, Feb. 8 [1848]. Henry W. Longfellow to Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Has been hoping to see him at Cambridge or to receive a letter. Has been in bed for two weeks the result of a surgical operation during which time "a literary project arises in my mind for you to execute. Perhaps I can pay you back in part your generous gift, by

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS AND MANUSCRIPTS

giving you a theme for story in return for a theme for song. It is neither more or less than the history of the Acadians, *after* their expulsion as well as before. Felton has been making researches in the State Archives & offers to resign the documents into your hands." Urges Hawthorne to come and spend the night with him at Cambridge.

West Newton, May 16, 1852. Nathaniel Hawthorne to his sister Louisa [Salem, Mass.].

Invites her to visit the family at Concord "where we hope to be, certainly, in the course of next week." "My book is in press."

Concord, June 18, 1852. To his sister Louisa, Salem, Mass.

Urges her to come immediately. House not yet in order, but can make her comfortable. "We like the house and the place very much, and begin, at last, to feel that we have a home. . . . The children long to see you."

Concord, Apr. 5, 1853. To his sister Elizabeth.

"We shall sail for Liverpool sometime in July."

Liverpool, Eng., Feb. 3, 1854. To his cousin John Dike, Salem, Mass.

Concerns financial matters relating to his mother. "The children are beginning to be less homesick than they were."

Rock Park, Rock Ferry [England], March 12 ——. Una Hawthorne to her uncle John Dike [Salem, Mass.].

The spring flowers are in blossom and the weather is delightful. "Julian is lying on the floor learning a hymn, and I have been practising on the piano." Describes a walk of three or four miles enjoyed that afternoon.

Nov. 6 ——. Una Hawthorne to her uncle [John] Dike [Salem, Mass.].

Could not sleep for some time the previous night "because the rockets & guns kept firing off & lighting up the curtain of my room," in commemoration of the Gunpowder Plot. Enjoys her music but thinks England not half so pleasant as America.

OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

The Wayside [Concord], Aug. 28, 1860. Nathaniel Hawthorne to his cousin [Richard Manning, Salem, Mass.].

The original manuscript of "Browne's Folly," written for "The Weal Reaf," a publication issued in connection with a fair conducted by the Essex Institute, at Salem, Sept. 4-11, 1860.

Two autograph letters.

Loaned by Miss Alice M. Longfellow

Salem, Feb. 10, 1848. Nathaniel Hawthorne to Henry W. Longfellow [Cambridge, Mass.].

Intends to go to Cambridge next week. "The idea of a history of Acadie takes my fancy greatly; but I fear I should not be justifiable to the world, were I to take it out of the abler hands of Professor Felton. . . . You have made the subject so popular that a history could hardly fail of circulation. I write in my office, and am pestered by intruders."

Concord, June 26, 1853. Nathaniel Hawthorne to Henry W. Longfellow [Cambridge, Mass.].

Regrets that he cannot at that time visit Longfellow.

"The Spectator." Seven copies of the newspaper written by Nathaniel Hawthorne when sixteen years of age,—having editorials, news items, poetry, advertisements, etc., the whole written and arranged similar to the newspapers of that period.

Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

Letter from the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C., April 4th, 1846, requesting Nathaniel Hawthorne to take his oath of office as Surveyor of the Port of Salem and Beverly, and to file a bond with sureties for one thousand dollars.

Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS AND MANUSCRIPTS

Term bill of Nathaniel Hawthorne at Bowdoin College,
May 21, 1824, amounting to \$19.52.

Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's diploma, lower half only, from
Bowdoin College, dated September 7, 1825, having
two autographic signatures in the lower right-hand
corner, one written "Nathaniel Hathorne," and the
other "Nath. Hawthorne, 1836."

Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

Ticket admitting "Mr. Nathaniel Hathorne of Senior
Class" to lectures at Bowdoin College, on Anatomy
and Physiology.

Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

FIRST EDITIONS OF THE WRITINGS OF
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

FANSHAWE, A TALE, *Boston*, 1828.

Loaned by J. Chester Chamberlain.

TWICE-TOLD TALES, *Boston*, 1837.

PETER PARLEY'S UNIVERSAL HISTORY, *Boston*, 1837.

Loaned by J. Chester Chamberlain.

TIMES PORTRAITURE: The Carrier's Address of The
Salem Gazette, 1838.

THE SISTER YEARS: The Carrier's Address of the
Salem Gazette, 1839.

THE GENTLE BOY: A Thrice-Told Tale, *Boston*, 1839.

GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR: A History for Youth, *Boston*,
1841.

FAMOUS OLD PEOPLE: Being the Second Epoch of Grand-
father's Chair, *Boston*, 1841.

LIBERTY TREE: With the Last Words of Grandfather's
Chair, *Boston*, 1841.

BIOGRAPHICAL STORIES FOR CHILDREN, *Boston*, 1842.

HISTORICAL TALES FOR YOUTH, *Boston*, 1842.

THE CELESTIAL RAILROAD, *Boston*, 1843.

MOSES FROM AN OLD MANSE, *New York*, 1846.

WRITINGS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

THE SCARLET LETTER, *Boston*, 1850.

TRUE STORIES FROM HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY, *Boston*, 1851.

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES, *Boston*, 1851.

A WONDER-BOOK FOR GIRLS AND BOYS, *Boston*, 1852.

THE SNOW-IMAGE AND OTHER TALES, *Boston*, 1852.

THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE, *Boston*, 1852.

LIFE OF FRANKLIN PIERCE, *Boston*, 1852.

TANGLEWOOD TALES FOR GIRLS AND BOYS, *Boston*, 1853.

THE MARBLE FAUN; or the Romance of Monte Beni, *Boston*, 1860.

OUR OLD HOME, *Boston*, 1863.

PANSIE: A Fragment, *London*, 1864.

PASSAGES FROM THE AMERICAN NOTE-BOOKS, *Boston*, 1868.

PASSAGES FROM THE ENGLISH NOTE-BOOKS, *Boston*, 1870.

PASSAGES FROM THE FRENCH AND ITALIAN NOTE-BOOKS, *London*, 1871.

SEPTIMIUS FELTON; or, The Elixir of Life, *Boston*, 1872.

THE DOLLIVER ROMANCE AND OTHER PIECES, *Boston*, 1876.

FANSHAWE AND OTHER PIECES, *Boston*, 1876.

DOCTOR GRIMSHAW'S SECRET, a Romance, *Boston*, 1883.

SKETCHES AND STUDIES, *Boston*, 1883.

HAWTHORNE RELICS

Window sashes with panes of glass, from the room in which Nathaniel Hawthorne was born.

Crane from the fireplace of the room in which Nathaniel Hawthorne was born.

Child's high chair formerly in the Hawthorne family and said to have been used by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Loaned by Lawrence W. Jenkins.

Desk used by Nathaniel Hawthorne while at the Salem Custom House and having his autograph scratched on the under side of the lid.

Surveyor's stencil, "SALEM N. HAWTHORNE SUR^R, 1847," used by Nathaniel Hawthorne while at the Salem Custom House.

Loaned by Hon. David M. Little.

Claw from the eagle over the entrance of the Salem Custom House. (See Introduction to the Scarlet Letter.)

Loaned by Hon. David M. Little.

Surveyor's book kept by Nathaniel Hawthorne while at the Salem Custom House.

Loaned by Hon. David M. Little.

HAWTHORNE RELICS

Salem Custom House documents (two) signed "Nath. Hawthorne Surveyor."

Visiting card, "Mr. & Mrs. Hawthorne. The Wayside."
Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

Sea Journal kept on board the Ship America, 1795-6, by Captain Nathaniel Hathorne, father of Nathaniel Hawthorne, having lettering on the title-page made by Hawthorne when sixteen years of age.

Records of the POT-8-O [Potato] Club, kept by Nathaniel Hawthorne while at Bowdoin College.
Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

Records of the Pin Society, kept by Nathaniel Hawthorne in 1820.
Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

School book used by Nathaniel Hawthorne, with sixteen different autographic signatures written upon the fly leaves.
Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

Herbarium made by Una Hawthorne, in 1858, while living in Italy.

"The Grandfather's Chair" in which Hawthorne sat when visiting his cousin, Miss Susie Ingersoll, and which suggested the tales bearing that name.
Loaned by Charles R. Waters.

Mahogany center-table formerly in the possession of the mother of Nathaniel Hawthorne.
Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

HAWTHORNE RELICS

Arm-chair formerly owned by Richard Manning, grandfather of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

Rush-bottom chair used in the family pew at the meeting-house by the grandmother of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

Child's chair formerly owned by Elizabeth, sister of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Loaned by the Misses Manning.

China plate brought from England by Una Hawthorne,—a gift to Elizabeth, sister of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Loaned by Mrs. Nathan D. Appleton.

Part of the curtain from the bed of Madam Hawthorne, the mother of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Loaned by Mrs. Nathan D. Appleton.

Pane of glass from the window of the third story room in the Herbert Street house occupied by Nathaniel Hawthorne, upon which he etched with a diamond "Nathaniel Hawthorne, Salem, March 30th, 1826."

Loaned by Mrs. Richard C. Manning.

Silver cup believed to have been brought from England in the "Arbella," in 1630, by William Hawthorne.

Loaned by Miss Elise D. Devereux.

Tea-cup, having monogram "N. H.," brought from abroad by Nathaniel Hawthorne's father.

Loaned by Mrs. Nathan D. Appleton.

Snuff box formerly the property of Nathaniel Hawthorne's grandmother.

Loaned by Mrs. Nathan D. Appleton.

HAWTHORNE RELICS

Double-barrelled pistol found in the attic of the house in which Nathaniel Hawthorne was born.

Loaned by Lawrence W. Jenkins.

"A Six Fold Comantarie upon Genesis," by Andrew Willet, London, 1632. A volume owned by William Hathorne, the planter, and having his autograph upon the fly leaf.

Loaned by Francis H. Lee.

The original examination of Martha Corey, who was executed as a witch in 1692. The record in the handwriting of Rev. Samuel Parris and attested by John Hathorne and Jonathan Corwin, the witchcraft judges.

Invoice of merchandise shipped on the schooner "Neptune" and signed by Nathaniel Hathorne, father of "The Romancer."

Inkstand given to Mrs. Eliza M. Upton by Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne at the time the family left Salem.

Loaned by Mrs. Daniel Upton.

Britannia teapot formerly in the possession of the family of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Loaned by Abner C. Goodell.

Visitor's Book of the East India Marine Museum, having on the date March 22, 1832, the autograph signature, "Nath. Hawthorne," and the names of Samuel Dinsmore, jr. (Governor of New Hampshire, 1849-1853), and Franklin Pierce (President of the United States, 1852-1856), both probably written by the latter.

Loaned by the Trustees of the Peabody Academy of Science.



